JOHN BULL, November 25, 1922. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXII. No. 833. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1922. TWOPENCE.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

Get a JOHN BULL Pen-and WIN £3,000 See page 2

PUPPETS OF THE DOPE KINGS

ANY FOOT TORTURES!

WHY HAVE THEM NOW?

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

A SMALL HANDFUL INSTANTLY "REUDELATES" THE WATER OF A FOOT BATH

YOU have only to dissolve a small handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates in a hot foot bath and rest your feet in this for a few minutes. Then, Presto! Away go all your foot afflictions, almost as if by magic.

The medicated and oxygenated foot bath prepared as above has a truly marvellous curative action upon all kinds of foot troubles, immediately relieving them, even in their worst forms. Every sensation of burning, aching and bruising, all swelling, stiffness and inflammation, *any* sort of corn, callous, or other foot torture, will soon be only an unpleasant memory of the past.

Reudel Bath Saltrates is sold by all chemists everywhere, prices being only 2/- a half pound and 3/3 a pound. Satisfaction is guaranteed every user or money back immediately and without question.

SALTRATES LIMITED, EUSTON BUILDINGS, LONDON, N.W. 1.

OUR GREAT XMAS OFFER

This Pen may win you—

£3,000

HERE is our Christmas offer to you and every one of our readers—Get one of our famous JOHN BULL 8s. 9d. Lever Self-Filling Model Pens, and we will purchase on your behalf and present to you FREE, a 2s. 6d. Voting Coupon in the Great Poster Competition. We will send this coupon to you together with the Pen. This will entitle you to enter for the following magnificent prizes:

1st PRIZE

£3,000

2nd PRIZE

£1,000

3rd Prize, £350; 4th Prize, £200; 5th Prize, £100; and numerous other Cash Prizes from £10 to £1—in all £5,000.

You can give yourself or your friends no more useful present than a JOHN BULL Lever Self-Filling Model Pen. This Pen in itself constitutes the finest value in the world and is equal in every respect to many other makes being sold at 17s. 6d. The Pen has a beautifully chased barrel, hand-cut; is fitted with a large size solid 14 ct. gold nib, iridium-tipped; and is guaranteed for five years. *Your money will be refunded in full if you are not satisfied in every way.*

Fill in the coupon below and receive your JOHN BULL Pen, together with the 2s. 6d. voting coupon in the great Poster Competition—the easiest and most fascinating ever devised. The act of filling up the coupon may be equivalent to writing a cheque for yourself for £3,000. Fill it in *now.*

Get a "JOHN BULL" PEN for your friend and win a Big Prize for yourself. You can do both your friends and yourself a good turn this Christmas by purchasing JOHN BULL Pens.

COUPON

To "JOHN BULL" Pen Dept., Long Acre London, W.C. 2.

I enclose Cheque /Postal Order for 9s. (including 3d for postage and insurance). Please send me a "John Bull" Lever Self-filling Model Pen, and include without extra charge a 2s. 6d. Voting Coupon in the Great Poster Competition, together with full particulars of entry.

State if broad, medium or fine nib is required. Cross cheque & p.o. "& Co.," and make payable to "John Bull."

NAME.....

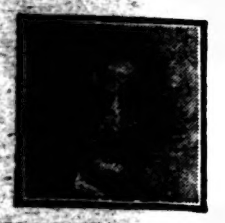
ADDRESS .....

.....

DATE..... J.B. 25.11.22

Mr. G. Knaw, 27, Hunsta St., Huddersfield, who earns £8 8s. od. in one week.

Mr. H. Whitehead, 2, Flag Lane, Warrington, who earns £16 12s. od. in one week.



Mr. J. Thomson, 125, Balfour St., Kirkcaldy, who earns £13 15s. od. in one week.

Mr. T. W. Townsend, 6, Rose Hill, Ramsgate, who earns £9 15s. 6d. in one week.

Mr. John Russell, 14, Granley Hill, Clifton, who earns £6 in one week

Six men

who earn big salaries

as "JOHN BULL" Subscription Representatives

WHY don't *you* step into the picture and complete it? There is a finely paid post awaiting you too, if you will only apply for it. Anyone can qualify. No experience or outlay is required.

LADY WINS

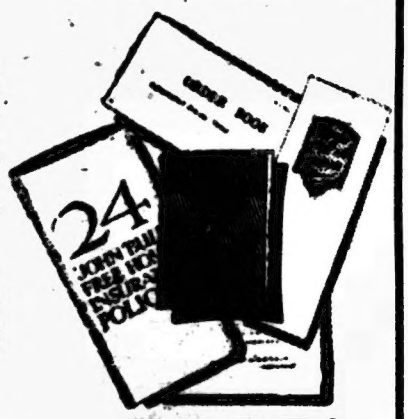
First Efficiency Prize.

For week ending Tuesday (Nov. 7), the following Efficiency Prizes have been awarded. First Prize: £3—Mr. B. Reynolds, 20, Bremner St., Manchester. Second Prize: £2—Mr. J. Lines, Mt. Pleasant, Walsall. Third Prize: £1—Mr. H. Watterson, 38, Weston St., Sheffield.

So smoothly is our plan of campaign working, and so keen is the race for the liberal bonuses and commissions, that each week we give efficiency prizes to those returning the highest number of new registered readers. This week a lady carries off First Prize.

We offer you full-time or spare-time employment. However limited your time may be, you cannot afford to let slip this great opportunity of adding to your income.

These well-paid jobs are being rapidly snapped up. It would be a pity if someone else in your district got in ahead of you because you delayed to write for full particulars. Sign the Coupon now.



FREE!

The Golden Book and Complete Working Outfit. The Coupon brings them Free. You can commence to earn directly you receive them

Clip here if you want more money

To JOHN BULL *Insurance Department, Section 2, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

I desire to become a JOHN BULL Subscription Representative. Please send me Free and Post Free and without obligation on my part, "JOHN BULL'S" GOLDEN BOOK, together with a complete working outfit for securing *new* registered readers.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Date .....J.B.25.11.22.

Post this form in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

PREPAID RATE: 8s. PER LINE, AVERAGING 6 WORDS.
MINIMUM CHARGE, 24s.
Address: The Advertisement Manager "JOHN BULL," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 9, High-street, Manchester.

20/- CAPITAL and your living guaranteed. Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. MARKS, 51 and 52 Houndsditch, E.1.

MEN WANTED all over England to start Confectionery Stalls. Easily earn from £4 to £10 weekly on capital of £5 to £10. Fullest help and instruction to beginners. Send 2d. stamp for monster list.—Royalty Choc. Works Dept. J.B., 132, King Street, Hammersmith.

CANVASSERS, ex-Servicemen, cheap stationery Pads 4/-, Compactums 5/6 doz., Envelopes 3/6 1,000. Catg. free.—Stubbs, 42, Wilson Street, E.C.

DRAPERY REMNANTS (wholesale). Reduced Price List free, full of Bargains in General Drapery, Vests, Blouses, Overalls, Hosiery, etc. Try a £1 or £2 Blouse Length Parcel for large profits.—HARRY H. CLEGG (Dept. L.), 96, High Street, Manchester. (The English Firm.)

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS make £4 per week selling our Household Lines. Why not you?—Write Cooper, 8, Bankhouse Street, Burnley.

AGENTS wanted everywhere, whole or spare time; either sex; liberal terms. Write now.—Mr. Edgar (Dept. B31), 45, Chancery La., London.

TOTO, the latest fascinating race game. Ideal entertainer for winter evenings. Post free, 7½d. Agents wanted everywhere.—Dunn and Howard, Park J. Works, Carver Street, Old Trafford, Manchester.

£5 PER WEEK EASILY EARNED by becoming a JOHN BULL Subscription Representative. No experience or outlay needed.—Write Golden Book and Free Working Outfit, JOHN BULL, Section 2, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

ADVERTISERS.—The most powerful Combination of "Country" and "Net Sale" Newspapers ever collected in one group at inclusive rates of 7/- per line, 65/- per inch, with service, Territory, 20 counties. Also, 56 Provincial Newspapers or 46 London and Suburban at 3/11 per line, 39/- per inch (13 counties). Write or call for Prospectuses.—Bottoph and Dickson (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2. Phone: City 842.

£5 to £10 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail-Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities.—Write, Noble Bros., Tavistock Chambers, Nottingham.

INCOME TAX Simplified. 1923. Sixth edition 75 pp. Cheapest guide. 50,000 sold. Post 1/8. Arthur Fieldhouse, Huddersfield.

BARGAIN SALES.

THE MOST WONDERFUL CLOCK ever offered. In Art Metal, indistinguishable from fine inlaid wood or marble, 9½ in. high x 14 in. wide. Equal in appearance to those costing 7 to 10 guineas. Price £1 carriage paid. Satisfaction or money back. (See large advt. on page 4.)—Phillips Henry & Co., 37, Drury Lane, London, W.C.2.

GRAMOPHONE BARGAIN. — £15 Concert Cabinet Table Gramophone, 8 lid oak, domed 2-record spring motor, with all latest improvements for true tone. Sent on 7 days approval for £7 10. A. Mahoney, 15, Rotherfield Street, Islington, N.1.

CYCLISTS.—The most wonderful Cycle Book ever published. Absolutely free. Cycles! Tyres! Accessories! Just write "Catalogue, Please." Postcard to H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 52, Rugby.

PLAYS, DIALOGUES, JOKE BOOKS, Funny Stories, Recitations, Song Books, Stump Speeches, Humorous Dialogues, Dream Books, Fortune-tellers, Money Games, Crystal Gazing, Charms, Riddles, etc. Send for McGlennon's Wonderful Catalogue.—McGlennon, Ltd. (Desk No. 27), 9, Cecil Court, New Row, London, N.1.

KEEP WARM.—Essanko men's woollies for cold days. All wool, long sleeves, two pockets, shirt, fawn, steel heather; 6/11. Send chest. Money returned if not satisfied.—Essanko Co., Dept. B., 12, Greensend London, S.E.15.

CYCLES. Tyres and Accessories. Biggest Bargain Record. Monster Illustrated Catalogue free. Many lines below cost. Write NOW, without fail.—Moorhouse, 151, Dean Padiham, Burnley.

WRITE for our Catalogue of Boots, clothing, clocks, accordions, etc., on easy terms, 4/- monthly.—Masters, Ltd., Hope Works, Halifax.

CHINA. Earthenware, crates from £3. Tea, Dinner and Toilet Ware, great variety. Lists free.—Burgess Pottery, Stoke-on-Trent.

COSTUMES.—Ladies' Costumes, any colour, Made to Measure. Money refunded if not approved.—Miss Wood, The Emporium, Kington, Herefordshire.

Lighters, electric bells, matches, Roars of laughter. Harmless. 2/6 for sample box.—Sorcerer, 7, W.C.2.

A Book ON HERBS, and How to Blend Nicely bound, nicely illustrated, with how to use them. A little present who mention JOHN BULL, enclosing stamps, clerical and postage fees.—Herbs, 61, Holme Top Street, Bradford. 3 stamps procures this treasure-trove.

INEXPENSIVE PRESENTS. — Specially designed Postcard Albums for Kinema Stars, nicely bound, lettered in gold "My Kinema Celebrities." To hold 150 cards, price 1/6; 200, 2/-; all post free.—Pictures, 10, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

3,000 MONEY-SAVING XMAS GIFTS, illustrated in H. Samuel's famous FREE Book. Yours for a Postcard! Write for it NOW! It's packed with sensational Xmas gifts in Jewellery, Watches and Plate at FACTORY PRICES. Free Xmas Prizes for all. Ladies' or Gents' Wristlet Watch, accurate and adjusted, 8/6, worth 15/-; Case of Carvers, Sheffield make, Knife, Fork and Steel, Ivorine Handles, 10/9. Amazing offer! Full-size electro-plated Nickel-Silver Biscuit, Butter and Cheese Dish, 12/6. Very special value! Write for Free Book NOW! Full month's trial any article.—H. SAMUEL, Ltd. (Established over half a century), 199, Market Street, Manchester.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

SUIT LENGTHS, Overcoatings and Velours. Any length cut. Patts free.—The Bradford Tweed Co. (Dept. 10), 22, Victoria Sq., Bradford.

BEAUTIFUL Suede Leather, all colours, 11d. per ft.; send 2d. stamp for full set of patts. —A. Catt, Northampton.

REAL HARRIS TWEED from Loom to wearer, 6/- yard. All wool, hand-made. Patterns post free.—Mrs. Morrison (Dept. J.B.), Leverburgh, Harris, N.B.

SPECIAL, one week only. Ladies' Overalls, 2/11 each, worth 4/-, post free. Fit, wash, and style guaranteed.—Cooper, Wholesaler, 8, Bankhouse Street, Burnley.

OVERCOATS, Suits, Costumes turned, retailored as new; invisible repairs; price list.—Suit Turning Co., Dept. J., 37, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

25/-. GENT'S ALL-WEATHER COAT. 25/-. Positively biggest bargain ever offered. Guaranteed made of genuine Govt. sheeting, taped seams, storm collar, deep pockets, wind straps on cuffs, smart and comfortable, fawn shade. State chest measurement (sizes 34 to 44 in.) Send 25/- only to-day.—Kenn & Co. (Dept. J.B.), Market Place, Doncaster. Money back if not satisfied.

TWEEDS.—Buy your tweeds direct from the Highlands. Gen. Homespuns woven by disabled Highland soldiers. Splendid colour designs. Exceptional bargains. Write for patts.—Seaforth Weaving Institute (J.B.), Dingwall, Ross-shire.

WIRELESS.

ALL ABOUT WIRELESS.—Send for Booklet, 64 pages, with many illustrations, "Wireless Made Easy." Simple, concise explanation of wireless wonder. Post free, 6d. stamps.—The City Wireless Depot (Dept. N.), 17, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

MUSICAL.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments, Illd. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 99, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

MARKETING BY POST.

FISH.—Kits of mixed wet, 5 st., £1; Fillets, Finny, 7/-, Kipps., Blots., 6/6 st., carr. pd. List free.—The Bell Fishing Co., Grimsby Docks.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

IF YOU ARE not keen to make big money as a Commercial Traveller, don't answer this advertisement; if you are, we can help you.—Write for our free booklet, Dept. 30, Phœnix School of Business, Ltd., 439, Oxford St., W.1.

MAKE FEAR IMPOSSIBLE.—Be sure of yourself. Master Emotional Weaknesses. Cultivate absolute self-mastery. Amazing results effected by simple practice, you can call to your aid in any emergency. Personally dictated Course of Instruction. Free to all who have the initiative to send name and address. Do not enclose stamps or fee.—D. Dumoret, Physio-psychologist (Box 122), 23, Foubert's Place, Regent Street, London, W.1.

SCRIPT SHORTHAND, the original "easy" Scripthand system. Still easiest to learn, to write and to read.—Full particulars and first lesson post free from Dept. I, Script Shorthand, 126, Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT, become a qualified Motor Driver, with official Certificate for 5 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free.—Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1. Also advanced and Engineering Courses.

LEARN the Mail Order Business and be your own master; £5 capital can make £500 a year. Write for particulars to Dept. W52, Shaw Institute, 1, Montague Street, W.C.1.

HOW to secure a congenial Government, Municipal or Secretarial position in the shortest possible time. — Address, Principal, Sanitary Training College, 335, High Holborn, London.

LEARN "New Rapid" Sloan-Duployan Shorthand, Complete Postal Course, One Guinea. Shorthand Assn. Ltd., 2, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Ruston Road, London, S.W.6.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

GOITRE, Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M. H. Specialist (Dept. X.), Medical Hall, 44 Broadway, Grays.

"Small Ads. Worth Watching."

Continued on page 26.

Be sure you read them.

From a Photo by Personality Photo Press
CARPENTIER in his BARRY SINGLE-BREASTED SUIT.

A 6 GUINEA ALL WOOL Blue Serge SUIT for £3 : 10 : 0 TO MEASURE.

Indigo Dyed, London Shrunk and absolutely guaranteed

ALL WOOL

By Conditioning House Certificate quoted below.

Cut and tailored to your own measurements (we are exclusively measure tailors doing no ready-made trade). You will have a suit produced by experts with eighteen years' actual and practical experience of clothes building.

Report of the Conditioning House on the material from which this remarkable £3 10 0 Blue Serge Suit is made:

"I HAVE ANALYSED THIS PATTERN OF CLOTH, AND FIND IT COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF WOOL." Signed E. H. TOWNEND, for the CITY OF BRADFORD CORPORATION

NO OTHER FIRM IN THE WORLD COULD WORK ON OUR LOW MARGIN OF PROFIT.

£4 : 4 : 0
PURE NEW WOOL SUIT
To measure for
£2 : 10 : 0
Valued as worth double by many of our Clients.

£4 : 4 : 0
PURE NEW WOOL OVERCOAT
"Warmth without weight"
To measure for
£2 : 2 : 0
(lined throughout)
The finest value ever offered in Tailoring History.

£10 : 10 : 0
PURE WOOLLEN WORSTED SUITINGS.
The Choicest products of our very best English Mills
£5 : 5 : 0
To measure
Our Top Quality. Nothing finer than this Suit could be wished.

£3 : 3 : 0
ALL-WOOL SPORTS COAT
To measure for
£1 : 10 : 0

£12 : 12 : 0
BOND STREET DRESS SUIT for
£6 : 6 : 0
The Perfection of Evening Dress Wear.

FREE Send for Free Patterns of all these wonderful values.

THE SILENT TAILOR.

With our patterns we send you the BARRY SELF-MEASUREMENT FORM (The Silent Tailor), when from your own measures we guarantee your completest satisfaction, or undertake to refund not only the amount you have paid us, but 2/6 more than has been paid. Could we make such an offer, we ask, were our performance one little whit behind our promise? Obviously not.
YOU HAVE THEREFORE NOTHING TO LOSE BY SEEING OUR PATTERNS. and we shall feel privileged if you will send for these. We shall not approach you by follow-up letters after we have once sent our patterns. We never bother our clients with circulars either about special offers or anything else. **WE KNOW OUR PATTERNS WILL MAKE EFFECTIVE APPEAL.**

THE BARRY SERVICE IS UNIQUE IN TAILORING.

S. A. BARRY & CO., Call or Write,

(J.B. Dpt.) 26, City Rd., London, E.C.1 (Near Moorgate Tram and Tube Terminus.)

Telephone Number for Free Patterns: Clerkenwell 4209.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT FOLLOWS OUR LEAD!

GREAT TRIUMPH FOR ECONOMY!!

EVER SINCE MARCH, 1920, BOLSOM BROS. HAVE CONSISTENTLY FOUGHT FOR ECONOMY AND AGAINST HIGH PRICES. BY THE MOST MODERN METHODS OF MASS PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION, AND THE ACQUIRING OF HUGE STOCKS FROM THE BRITISH DISPOSALS BOARD FOR DIRECT ISSUE TO THE PUBLIC, WE HAVE BEEN ABLE TO CONSIDERABLY REDUCE THE COST OF LIVING, WITH THE RESULT THAT PUBLIC SUPPORT HAS BEEN ENORMOUS AND MANY OTHER FIRMS HAVE HAD TO FOLLOW OUR LEAD.

IT IS FOR THE PUBLIC TO CONTINUE TO SUPPORT THOSE WHO ARE OUT TO EMPLOY THE BEST MEANS OF PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION WITH THE RESULT THAT PRICES OF ALL COMMODITIES MUST FALL AND THEREBY MATERIALLY REDUCE THE COST OF LIVING WHICH IS SUCH A VITAL NECESSITY. THIS WEEK'S OFFERS, ILLUSTRATED AND DESCRIBED BELOW, WE CLAIM ARE, WITHOUT QUESTION, THE GREATEST VALUES PROCURABLE IN THESE VERY NECESSARY ARTICLES.

THOSE who have not yet shared in these advantageous offers should test our claims by POSTING THEIR ORDERS for their Winter requirements NOW, or calling without delay, remembering that every article is sold under a guarantee of absolute satisfaction or MONEY BACK. By doing so, they will save many a pound and help our great economy campaign.

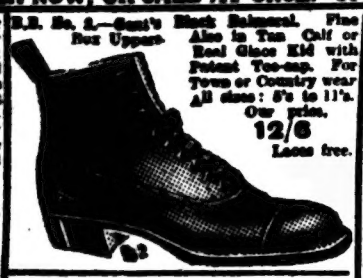
OPPORTUNITY TO BE WELL SHOD THIS WINTER AT LESS THAN HALF USUAL PRICES.

IN ADDITION TO THE SELECTION OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS B.B. BRAND OF BOOTS AND SHOES FOR BOTH LADIES AND GENTS FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY WEAR ILLUSTRATED BELOW, OUR LATEST HUGE PURCHASE FROM THE BRITISH DISPOSALS BOARD OF NEW BRITISH ARMY BOOTS WILL GIVE "JOHN BULL" READERS JUST THE OPPORTUNITY OF SECURING THE WORLD'S MOST RELIABLE BOOTS AT THE AMAZING PRICE OF 12/6 PER PAIR, LESS THAN HALF ACTUAL VALUE. MADE OF THE FINEST MATERIALS PROCURABLE. SOLID LEATHER THROUGHOUT, THESE ARE NEW, PERFECT, AND GOVERNMENT STAMPED, AND HAVE ONLY BEEN SOLD BECAUSE THEY ARE GOVERNMENT SURPLUS STOCK.

THERE IS NOTHING BETTER IN THE WORLD FOR MECHANICS, MANUAL WORKERS, FARMERS, AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS, RAILWAYMEN, CARMEN, MOTORISTS, POLICEMEN, POSTMEN, ENGINEERS, SPORTSMEN, OR FOR EVERY MAN REQUIRING A SERVICEABLE BOOT FOR HARD, CONTINUOUS WEAR IN ALL WEATHERS. POST YOUR ORDER NOW, OR CALL AT ONCE. OPEN DAILY UNTIL 8 P.M. SATURDAYS ALL DAY UNTIL 9 P.M.

B.B. 3

B.B. No. 3—Our Famous Winter Boot.—Specially built for every purpose. The three main points: comfort, smart appearance and weather-proof quality that stands hard, continual wear. Stout Derby pattern, with particularly stout soles and Bright or Dull Black Chrome Uppers. Warranted and stamped all Leather. All sizes, 5's to 11's. Laces free. Our price **12/6**



B.B. No. 2—Gent's Black Balmoral Box Uppers. Fine Also in Tan Calf or Real Glace Kid with Patent Toe-cap. For Town or Country wear All sizes: 5's to 11's. Our price, **12/6** Laces free.

B.B. No. 4—Gent's Real Black Box Calf Derby or Oxford Shoe, also in Tan Calf or Real Glace Kid, with Patent Toecap. Our price, **12/6** All Sizes, 5's to 11's. Laces free

Cut out this advt. for future reference

B.B. No. 7—Gent's Real Tan Calf or Black Box Calf Brogue Shoe, for hard wear in all weathers. Sizes, 5's to 11's. Our price, **12/6**

B.B. No. 1—Gent's Black Derby.—Fine Box Uppers. Also in Tan Calf or Real Glace Kid with Patent Toe-cap. Easy fitting and comfortable. All sizes 5's to 11's. Our Price **12/6** Laces free

W.D. 74—Genuine Box Calfskin Government No-Cap Regulation Army Boot. Specification: Real Kip Grained Uppers Waterproof, two single solid butt soles, sewed and stitched to heel. Sizes: 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, and 13. For hard wear in all weathers Cost double. Our price **12/6** Laces free Ditto. Without hobs (W.D. 76). Sizes: 7's only.

W.D. 74

SMART LADIES' SHOES at 12/6 per pair.

B.B. 58

B.B. No. 58.—Ladies' Sports Boot.—Derby pattern black. With first quality full Chrome uppers, and stout waterproof Soles. Also ditto in Black Box Calf and Tan Willow Calf. Guaranteed all Leather. These boots are specially built for comfort and endurance and made according to our Specification in the finest Northamptonshire factories to meet the need of those requiring a stout all Leather boot for use in all weathers. All Sizes: Our price **15/-** Laces free.

B.B. 50

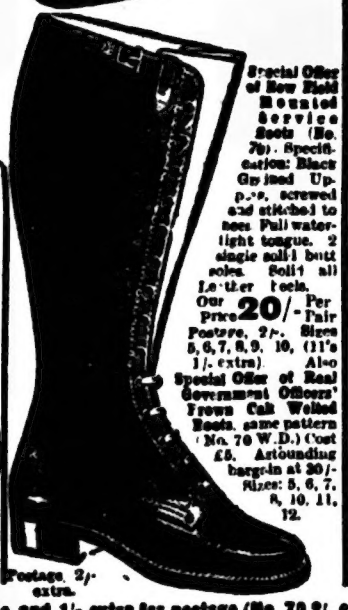
B.B. No. 50. Ladies' Black Box or Tan Russia Shoe for hard wear in all weathers Our price **12/6** Laces free.

Ladies' Shoes All sizes and half sizes, 2's to 8's

B.B. No. 57.—Gusset Shoe in real Glace Kid or real Patent Leather Our price, **12/6**

B.B. 57

B.B. No. 28.—Balmoral or Derby Pattern.—Extra high leg, in real Box Calf or real Glace Kid, smart Cuban heels. Best make. All Sizes 10 ins. high. Our price, **15/-** Laces free.



Postage 2/- extra.

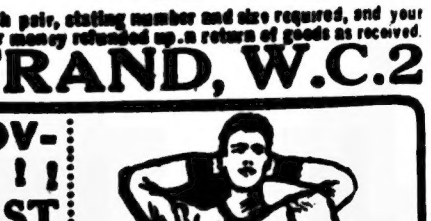
Special Offer of New Field Mounted Service Boots (No. 70). Specification: Black Grained Upper, screwed and stitched to sole. Full waterlight tongue. 2 single solid butt soles. Solid all Leather heels. Our Price **20/-** Per Pair Postage, 2/-. Sizes 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, (11's 1/- extra). Also **Special Offer of Real Government Officers' Brown Calf Welted Boots**, same pattern (No. 70 W.D.) Cost £5. Astounding bargain at 20/- Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12.

Genuine South African Double Sole Waterproof Field Boots (B.B. No. 20).—In Black or Tan. Specification: Real Black Box Calf, or Superior Tan Calf Uppers. Leather-lined throughout. Two single solid butt soles. Full waterproof tongue. The Ideal Winter Boot for Golfing, Fishing, Shooting, Country Walking, and all Sports. Worth 45/-, Our price **20/-** Laces free.

All Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 (11 and 12's 1/- extra). Note These Four Points 1.—Damp-proof filling between upper and first sole. 2.—Stout first all Leather sole. 3.—Patent waterproof layer between the two soles. Water and damp proof.

B 20

See that this stamp is on the soles. No others genuine



4. Stout Solid Bend Outer Sole.

POST Your order now to the largest boots-by-post business in the world, enclosing remittance and 1/- extra for postage (No. 70 2/- extra) for each pair, stating number and size required, and your order will be sent without delay. Register Treasury Notes, and make Postal Orders payable to BOLSOM BROS., LTD. Absolute satisfaction or money refunded upon return of goods as received.

BOLSOM BROS., Ltd. (Dept J.B.). 109 & 157, STRAND, W.C.2

EVERY MAN SHOULD SHARE IN THIS GREAT BRITISH GOVERNMENT MEN'S WOOLLEN UNDERWEAR CONTRACT!!

British Government **NEW ARMY FLANNEL SHIRTS.**

Bolsom Bros. are now offering the remainder of the Government Real New Flannel Shirts which are of the same guaranteed quality as the underwear. Well cut and finished and strongly made. They cost 11/6 to produce. We are offering them at the amazing price of only 5/6 each, half the cost of manufacture. Supplied in all sizes in real natural Flannel. These shirts are unprecedented value. State size

5/6

Now is the Time!!! to Secure at HALF ACTUAL COST

MEN'S WOOLLEN VESTS & PANTS at 5/- PER GARMENT

BEFORE BOLSOM BROS. ACQUIRED FOR DISPOSAL THE ENTIRE UNISSUED STOCK OF NEW BRITISH GOVERNMENT MEN'S WOOLLEN UNDERWEAR AN OPPORTUNITY SUCH AS THIS HAS NEVER OCCURRED.

ALREADY HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF READERS ALL OVER THE KINGDOM HAVE SECURED THEIR WARM WINTER UNDERWEAR REQUIREMENTS. THOSE WHO HAVE NOT ALREADY DONE SO SHOULD GET A SUPPLY WITHOUT DELAY WHILST EVERY SIZE AND WEIGHT IS STILL OBTAINABLE, AS SOON THESE STOCKS WILL BE CLEARED, NEVER TO BE REPLACED.

THE merits of these real British Government Men's Woollen Garments are now too well known to need any lengthy description, and when it is realised that they are offered at a price of 5/- each—a third of their actual value—and that they are of a quality that were made to stand every test, no time should be lost in sending for your winter requirements.

THE VESTS AND PANTS ARE NEW, PERFECT IN EVERY DETAIL, AND ARE OF THE ORDINARY CIVILIAN PATTERN, THE WOOL USED IN THEIR MANUFACTURE BEING SOFT, WARM, AND NON-IRRITANT TO THE SKIN, AND ARE SUITABLE FOR MEN IN EVERY STATION OF LIFE. THEY CAN BE OBTAINED IN NATURAL WORSTED AND LAMBSWOOL, AND IN ALL SIZES, SMALL, MEDIUM AND LARGE, AND ALL AT THE ONE PRICE OF 5/- PER GARMENT. THESE WERE MADE FOR BRITISH OFFICERS AND MEN BY BRITAIN'S FOREMOST MANUFACTURERS, AND ARE THE MOST RELIABLE EVER PRODUCED. THEY CANNOT IN ANY WAY BE COMPARED WITH OTHER GOVERNMENTS' SURPLUS. THESE ARE NOT ORDINARY BARGAIN OFFERS, AND IF YOU DELAY YOU WILL MISS THE OPPORTUNITY OF NOT ONLY SAVING MORE THAN HALF YOUR WINTER BILL, BUT OF SECURING GARMENTS OF A QUALITY THAT MAY NEVER BE MADE AGAIN.

5/-

THEREFORE POST YOUR ORDER NOW.

Stating size and weight required and enclosing remittance and postage as follows—1 or 2 garments, 1/-; 4 garments, 1/3; 6 garments, 1/9. Orders for £2 and over carriage free. Treasury Notes must be registered. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. *FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF CALLERS OUR STORE IS OPEN DAILY UNTIL 8 P.M., AND SATURDAYS ALL DAY UNTIL 9 P.M.*

BOLSOM BROS., *Government Surplus Depot* (Dept. J.B.) 129, Strand, W.C.

5/- PER GARMENT

Woollen Vests All have long sleeves as illustrated. Supplied in Three Sizes: Small, Medium or Large. Each **5/-**

Woollen Pants To Ankle. Supplied in Three Sizes: Small, Medium or Large. Each **5/-**

Vol. XXXII. No. 868.
Week ending Saturday.
Nov 25 1922. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2
Telephone: Gerrard 9866
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth,

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Peace—with Bonar.
Peace with Honour is a great maxim. Let us now have Peace—with Bonar.

The Prime Minister.
It is satisfactory to know that Mr. Bonar Law's health has stood the strain of the Election, and that he feels well enough to launch the new Government on its career. The moment he is tired he must hand over to Lord Derby.

The Lesson of the Polls.
No one can get lost on a straight road. Let us get out of Mespot. Let us have no unnecessary foreign commitments. These are the country's "sailing orders" to the new Captain of the ship of State.

The Straight Tip.
The country wants to see unemployment cease and trade progress. There is only one way. Cut expenditure, and reduce taxation.

The Opposition.
The Labour and Liberal Parties which now constitute His Majesty's Opposition, would be in a far stronger position if they had a leader of first-class debating power. Watch L. G.

The Chamberlains.
The Chamberlain influence in Birmingham is amazing. Austen was on one side and Neville on the other, and yet both were elected by thumping majorities. Shades of Joe!

Mespot and Pintpot.
The Chancellor of the Exchequer promises to reduce the price of beer, when we can afford it. We could afford it now if we were clear of expensive and useless foreign entanglements.

Not Simple Simon.
We told Sir John Simon that the country had need of his services. Spen Valley proved us right. Sir John will some day get to the Bench. Meanwhile he can find plenty to do on the Front Opposition Bench.

The Acid Test.
One of the first measures to come before the new Parliament will be the Expiring Laws Continuance Bill, under which "Dora" is kept alive. It will be interesting to see how some of those who have during the past few weeks been so vociferous about liberty will stand the acid test of the Lobbies.

A Triumph of Organisation.
Seventy-five thousand people got the quickest results of the General Election by watching the John Bull screen in Trafalgar Square. The John Bull army is growing bigger and better, every day and in every way.

Easily Satisfied.
Mr. Lloyd George, after the Election, said that he was satisfied. Perhaps he meant that he had had enough.

Kellaway not Well-away.
In spite of Lloyd George's efforts, Kellaway was rejected. He was too slow in cheapening postage and telephones. A plain hint for his successor.

A Close Shave.
We asked our readers to watch Paisley. Mr. Asquith just scraped home. It was his chief lieutenant, Sir Donald McLean, who fell by the way.

Another Daniel!
"You have come through Hell unsullied and nobler," said Sir Ernest Wild to Dr. Hartzhorne before setting him free. A noble sentiment from a humane and upright Judge!

German Reparations.
The Germans are going to make a new offer on reparations. One of these days we shall wake up and find them threatening actually to pay something. We are getting on—backwards.

Across the Atlantic.
America, and President Harding, are discovering that public feeling on Prohibition is changing. American language on this topic is not. It is still as strong, and as lurid, as ever.

Overlooked.
At least one prominent and ambitious Tory is so dissatisfied with the new Government that he has engaged a press agent to chant his praises so that Mr. Bonar Law may learn of the mistake made in overlooking this modest gentleman's claim to office.

British Empire Exhibition.
The *Daily Telegraph* is following our lead in protesting against the muddling of this Exhibition. The Duke of Devonshire is now Chairman of the Executive Council. The public will look confidently to his Grace to take the steps necessary to save the situation.

Deferred.
Perhaps it was only human that Mr. Lloyd George should decide that Sir George Younger should not have the promised peerage. But it is only deferred, for the new Prime Minister can be counted on to consider the claims of Sir George for the New Year list.

Advancing Slowly.
A month after the failure of the McGrigor Bank, the War Office is paying the service victims a month's salary in advance—a loan, not a gift.

Obvious Blundering.
The War Office knew this bank was insolvent on October 6th. On October 13th it paid in the pension instalment of a widow of an officer of the Dublin Fusiliers. She should take legal proceedings to get it back.

The Record.
Last year there was a record in bankruptcies since the passing of the 1883 Act. This is eloquent testimony to the fact that the war has done us a lot of harm and that the peace has not done us a lot of good.

Behind the "Times."
When will the new controllers of *The Times* wake up? They still talk of Conservatives as "Unionists." Do they know that Southern Ireland is now the Irish Free State?

Fritz Looks On.
The German papers took a great interest in our Election. They badly wanted to see Lloyd George come back. Why? Their disappointment is not shared by this country.

An Admirable Admiral.
"They are good sports and can stand gaff without whimpering," says Admiral Sims of the British seamen. Sims is the most popular "British" Admiral in the American Navy.

Economy.
When bureaucrats start economising they are nothing if not thorough. When one department decreed that foolscap letter paper should give place to a less wasteful size, the stocks of foolscap were destroyed so that the smaller size could come into use at once!

Shortsightedness.
The passing of Mr. Shortt has not cured the Home Office of shortsightedness. A case in point was the fatuous instruction to the Post Office to stop remittances for the purchase of tickets in the big Dublin Sweep. After much public money had been wasted the ban was removed as quickly as it had been made.

Reciprocity.
Now that America is determined to expel Pat Somerset for "moral turpitude" our Government might get busy on the wealthy Yankee visitors who engage costly suites at the big hotels in London to facilitate their chief "amusement" of debauching English girlhood. Reciprocity is a fine thing.

And Still They Come.

For begging at Teddington the Spellthorne Magistrates sent Samuel Edward Earl, a Kingston ex-service man, to gaol for one month. The poor fellow, who was down and out, once had a home, but through unemployment had to sell up everything. He will get bread to eat now, anyway—which is more satisfying than nothing but air—be it ever so fresh.

Children Not Wanted.

In a case heard in the King's Bench Division, David Onyett, a blacksmith, told the judge a pitiful story of his hopeless quest for rooms. "My wife and I have had doors shut in our faces," he said, "the moment they knew we had children." It is hard to believe that such heartlessness exists in a country which prides itself above all things on its Christianity.

No Evidence.

When the other day a woman was charged with soliciting, Mr. Hay Halkett, the Lambeth Magistrate, refused to convict because there was no evidence that the man alleged to have been solicited was annoyed about it. The uncorroborated statement of a policeman is not good enough; yet 3,000 women are imprisoned and 3,000 fined every year on police evidence alone.

The Butterfly on the Wheel.

Daisy Jenkinson, married at sixteen, was deserted when expecting to become a mother. Her baby died, and getting into straitened circumstances, she became desperate, obtained groceries by false pretences, and stole blankets from her lodgings. Realising her sore trial, the Magistrate wisely and humanely refrained from putting the prison taint on her, and bound her over.

A Mother's Memory.

"I have been tempted many times to do wrong, but the memory of a good mother kept me straight," was what a lad of seventeen named John McNeill said to the Portsmouth Magistrates when he was charged with sleeping in a shed. As he had tramped five hundred miles from Glasgow to join the Navy, earning his food honestly by odd jobs on the road, we should not fear much for his future if he is allowed to have his way and go to sea.

Where Guilt Lies.

Passing sentence of six months' imprisonment at Swansea Assizes upon a brother of twenty who pleaded guilty to a horrible crime with his sister, Mr. Justice Shearman referred to the fact that the family was herded together irrespective of sex into one small room, adding that the proper cure for this class of offence was better housing conditions. We should like to see the responsible authorities in the dock charged with failing to provide the houses the people have been crying for for years, and if we were on the Bench they would get a stiff sentence.

Vindictive Punishment.

We cannot but feel a certain amount of sympathy for William Mason, the convict who escaped from Parkhurst Prison, disguised himself (more or less) as a curate, and led the warders and police a merry dance about the Isle of Wight for several days. His burglaries were not serious, and obviously merely committed to aid his escape. Had he been convinced that he was about to be released he would not have made his unavailing bid for freedom, and to send him back to penal servitude for another three years seems savage punishment.

The Human Touch.

Mr. Bransby Williams is an actor with a big heart. His sympathies run to those legally immured between four stone walls, and to brighten their lives he lectures on Dickens. There are some who would deny prisoners this privilege, but even the most hardened criminal is amenable to the human touch.

The Curse of the Drug.

The case of Miss Cissie Loftus is excessively sad—though, perhaps, no more so than that of many other victims of the drug habit. She will receive the sympathy of thousands who have been charmed by her delightful acting. That so brilliant a personality should have been brought to the verge of ruin by the "dope" habit is another count in the indictment against the soul-destroying devils dealt with on another page.

Was it Adequate?

Twenty-one days' imprisonment for repeatedly beating a 13-years-old girl so that, through fear, she slept in an entry all night and her mental condition was affected, was the sentence passed by West Bromwich Magistrates on Henry and Mary Ann Aspbury, of 14, Hargate Lane, West Bromwich. The law is either too generously conceived, or the Magistrates did not rise to a full sense of their responsibility.

Cruel Delay.

An unemployed Southsea man appealed reluctantly to the Portsmouth Guardians for relief, and was instructed to attend at 2.30 on the following Monday. On that day he secured an odd job, which caused him to be a little late. In consequence his request was refused, and he was told he would have to make another application. Have the Portsmouth Guardians never heard that he gives twice who gives quickly?

The Better Way.

Asked by the Castle Eden Magistrate why he did not get an honest living, a young man named Thomas Holland, charged with obtaining food and lodging by false pretences, pointed to his crippled hand, a relic of the war, and said no one would give him work. The Chairman thereupon sentenced him to one day's imprisonment, which meant his immediate release, and undertook to find him a job. It is a pity more Magistrates do not adopt similar methods.

To Die in Prison.

Arthur Jacks was sentenced at the London Sessions to 23 months' hard labour for theft. "I only came out of Pentonville Prison in July," he cried. "I had no character. How could I get work . . . while so many honest unemployed are walking the streets?" He added that he was consumptive, and asked Mr. Lawrie to send him to penal servitude so that he could die in prison. The sentence was changed to three years' penal servitude. But it was a pathetic cry.

Sauce for the Gander.

When a man was charged at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, with wife beating, the Magistrate, Alderman Edward Burke, listened to the long-suffering woman's evidence for a time in silence, and then, shouting "I am going to see how he likes it!" jumped over his desk and gave the defendant two lovely black eyes, closing the incident by imposing a ten-dollar fine. We are not surprised to read that the man promised never to strike his wife again. Some of these rough and ready Transatlantic methods are very effective.

A Poppy Day Aftermath.

To appoint a girl with two convictions as a collector, showed a lamentable looseness on the part of Glasgow's "Poppy Day" organisers. No wonder fifteen of the girl collectors were afterwards charged with thefts from the boxes. A few muddles like that will destroy public confidence, and ruin a useful method of raising funds for charitable purposes.

Delays that are Dangerous.

At an inquest on a woman, presumed to have been blown into the Thames at Teddington, it was stated that it took 35 minutes for the police ambulance to do the journey from the river to the hospital at Kingston, and, according to the medical evidence, the poor woman's life might have been saved had quicker transport been available. Let us hope the authorities will not be as slow to act upon the hint.

Principle and Interest.

Considering that Mr. David Allen, of Walthamstow, is a leading light of his chapel in those parts, it must be said that his principles are not as high as his interest. In a claim of £100, money lent to a lady, the Lord Chief Justice declined to allow him more than £15. "I am not in the least satisfied the sums said to have been advanced were advanced," said his Lordship. What *will* the congregation say?

All Pay.

Although over a long period he had paid a penny in the pound of his weekly earnings into a Relief Fund, a workman recently discharged from the Holwell works of the Stanton Ironworks Company, through a general reduction in the staff, was refused a small sum from it towards paying his fare to London to look for employment. Now he wonders what the Relief Fund is for. In the circumstances, so do we.

A Coward and a Knife

Joe Law, a slaughterman, of 20, Charlotte Street, Wakefield, is a repellant person. When a terrier took a bone from under his stall in the Borough Market, he struck it savagely with a butcher's knife, severing the muscles of one of its hind legs. The suffering, mutilated animal staggered about the street until it was mercifully killed by a taxi. For this piece of brutality Law was merely fined £3. Knives are not safe in such ferocious hands.

The Quality of Mercy.

Mr. Ratcliffe Cousins, at Marylebone Police Court, was not wrong in exercising his clemency in the case of William Westerleigh, of Stokesley Street, East Acton, by merely binding him over for stealing a lady's purse. Out of work, nearly the whole of his home in pawn, and his wife expecting shortly to become a mother, Westerleigh deserved sympathy rather than condemnation, for, as the Magistrate truly said, "sometimes, owing to stress of circumstances, people become temporarily irresponsible." Too often do conditions create the criminal.

A Lucky Blackguard.

When George Edward Jones was sentenced at the Old Bailey to eight months' imprisonment for bigamy, the fact that before he deserted her, he had tried to induce his wife to earn a living for him on the streets was concealed from the Recorder, Sir Ernest Wild, K.C. That enormity was revealed by a detective, who appeared against Jones' wife, who had taken shelter with, and bigamously married, a hard working man. Sir Ernest said had he known at the time, he would have given Jones three years' penal servitude. Surely the police could co-operate in such cases.

Milk and Water!

For the sale of milk deficient in fat, Alfred Pardoe, farmer, of Dodford, Worcestershire, has been ordered to pay £52 17s. in fines, solicitor's and analyst's fees. Defendant stated that he left a bucket half full of water in the cow house, and next morning his son emptied milk into the bucket by mistake. It is this kind of "mistake" which the Justices will do well to make as costly as they can!

A Mean Sneakthief.

Returning home from shopping, a Newport (Mon.) girl of nine was accosted by a young messroom steward, Francis Henry Wyatt, with an offer to carry her basket. The type of creature Wyatt is was revealed when he was sentenced to three months for stealing 12s. out of the purse in the basket. One whose conscience is so leather-like that it lets him rob children has a hide thick enough to stand the physical punishment which he deserves.

'Ware Photo Touts!

Another despicable trick was that carried out by Gilbert Martin, of Carlton Vale, Kilburn. He obtained medals and photographs from relatives of soldiers killed in the war, together with a cash deposit, on the pretence that he would frame them, and stuck not only to the cash, but to the treasured mementos of the honoured dead. Seeing that he had been working this heartless dodge for two or three years, the sentence of six months' passed on him at Hendon was far too light.

A Father's Agony.

It is impossible to read without a catch in the throat of the terrible ordeal of an engine-winder at Whitwell Colliery, Derbyshire. His son, Horace Henry Beech, had been found crushed and mangled between the cage and the bottom deck, and it was the father's agonising duty to bring the body to the surface with the very instrument which had caused his death. The poor man will have every parent's sympathy.

Name! Name!

The suspicious practice of Police Court secrecy appears to have extended to Belfast. At Portadown Petty Sessions the other day, a defendant charged with reckless motoring was, at the request of Captain Andrews, D.I., referred to as Mr. "X." We should like to know by what right this offender was allowed to remain anonymous. The fear of publicity is one of the greatest deterrents of wrong-doing, and, in the public interest, its removal must be resisted.

A Justifiable "Grouse."

All the way from the Andaman Islands comes a Tommy's complaint that married soldiers should be compelled to serve for seven years abroad without seeing their wives. His justifiable grouse is rendered all the more bitter by the fact that when he received news of the death of his only child and the illness of his wife his application to be transferred to the home establishment was curtly refused. Poor Tommy never did receive much consideration way down East.

A Rap on the Knuckles.

Judge Mellor is to be commended for having smartly rapped the knuckles of a Socialist, J. H. Pendlebury, at the Manchester County Court. Pendlebury sought to retain possession of premises, the property of a frail lady, 70 years of age, and to justify his conduct said that she had behaved in an objectionable manner. Pendlebury had been in the Court before, and Judge Mellor knew something of his lung power, and expressed his private opinion of the man in public Court. And it was not flattering.

Disfranchised.

On applying for ballot papers at their home polling station, a large number of Navy men were refused on the ground that papers should have been sent to them on board ship. It is disgraceful that members of the senior service should have been deprived of their vote through official carelessness or neglect, and is a matter that should receive the serious notice of the authorities.

Cheap Cruelty.

For ill-treating a cat by fastening it by a three-foot leather strap to a kennel, where it was found in an emaciated condition, William Spencer, 24, Francis Street, Lozells, was fined £3 and one guinea special costs by Birmingham Magistrates. A vet. ordered its destruction. Cruelty to dumb animals seems to be on the increase lately, and it makes one long to "make the punishment fit the crime."

Penalised for Working.

A man who was unemployed for 18 months at long last got a job, which he would now rather be without. He applied and got work in the Glasgow Corporation Lighting Department at what is called "subbing," which means that he had to visit his district department every night, and if there was a man off he got a chance of a night's work. If there was no work he got 1s. per night. For receiving this pittance he has been banned from drawing the dole, even after appeal. It sometimes pays better to be out of work.

Crime and Passion

By The Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.

CRIMES which spring from sexual passion appear to be increasing rather than diminishing.

There is a disposition in some quarters to deal leniently with them on the ground that when a human being is crossed in love he should not be judged by ordinary standards.

This is a mistake.

Killing for love is a delusion; no one ever kills for love. Sexual passion is not love, though it may inspire love and be ennobled thereby.

To be dominated by passion in any of its forms, such as jealousy, is to be a slave, not a hero.

Passion is elemental force which may raise a man to heaven or cast him down to hell.

It is no more love than forked lightning is love.

A man in the grip of it is driven by the same blind cravings as the beasts of the field at the breeding seasons, neither more nor less.

The main difference between man and the brutes is that man has the capacity for harnessing this mysterious force to spiritual ends.

It is that which makes possible all works of art and imagination, the greater part of the beauty and glory of life.

Passion has to be mastered or it will master us.

It should not be destroyed but moralised, made to serve the best in us instead of the worst.

There is nothing more deceptive than uncontrollable passion and nothing more transient; it can pass as quickly as it came.

The man who is ready to commit murder for the sake of a woman to-day may loathe the sight of her in six months.

Lust, which is passion degraded, is essentially selfish; it seeks only its own gratification.

Love, which is passion exalted, is essentially self-giving; it seeks only the well-being of the loved.

It is within every man's power to say which he shall choose.

Sinker and Sink of Iniquity.

Children are neglected, drunkenness abounds, and immorality stalks the streets of Blackburn, according to the plain talk of Canon Sinker, the Rural Dean. Instead of mentioning the matters from the pulpit as he did, the Canon ought to report them to the police, and if they do not promptly clean up Blackburn's moral mess he should call upon the Watch Committee to take action.

Antique and Musty Acts.

The good sense of the Barrow Magistrates prevailed when Father Clarke, of St. Patrick's Church, was before them for having promoted a sweepstake on the Manchester November Handicap, and they dismissed the summons. The priest had adopted the scheme in order to raise money to build a new church in a poor parish. Surely the Lottery Acts should be repealed without delay.

A Road Cad.

The Hampshire Police are searching for an unspeakable motor-cad who knocked Mrs. Privett off her bicycle at Whitehill, injuring her and smashing up her machine, and after rudely arguing with her exclaimed "That's all rot!" and drove off, leaving her in the roadway to get on as best she could. We hope they will be successful in finding him and that he will be punished as he deserves. To call him a hog would be an insult to swine.

Flog the Brutes!

The sentence of seven years' penal servitude passed in the High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh, on James Drummond (28) for criminal offences against two married women was not too severe, and we think if a similar penalty, with perhaps, a dose of the "cat" in addition, were meted out to other criminals like Drummond a big decrease in this type of crime would be seen. Women and children must be protected from such blackguards.

Jack Cornwell, V.C.

It is to be hoped that steps will be taken to recover the memorial plate to Jack Cornwell, the sailor boy V.C., which was sold with H.M.S. *Chester* when the ship was ordered to be broken up, and now hangs in the ship-breaker's office, at Llanelly. The most appropriate place for such a memorial is obviously the Royal United Services' Museum, in Whithall, close by the Cenotaph. We suggest that the right and proper thing for the shipbreakers to do is to send it there.

The Empty House.

Captain Waite's empty house in the village of Upton Warren, to which reference was made last week, has been mentioned in another house shortage case at Bromsgrove Petty Sessions. Mrs. Brown, with five children of from 3 to 15 years, said Captain Waite refused to let his house because he had had so much trouble with the last tenants. Will someone reconcile the statesman's cry about the duty of parenthood with the failure of the State to house the kiddies?

Well Earned.

Louis Cohen, of Vernon Street, Cheetham, Manchester, is apparently a worthless cur. His young wife's two years married life has been a period of unhappiness, and when he stole her jewellery and had the impudence to leave her the ticket it was the last straw. He told the Magistrates that his wife's father had asked him to leave the house. Cohen ought to have been kicked out, instead of being politely told to go. The two months he is now serving has been well earned.

WHO IS KARL RADEK?

Red Revolutionary's Sinister Activities

We rejoice at the defeat of the extremists in the election, though we welcome the victories of genuine Labour—which should take warning from the following disclosures.

KARL RADEK is in London! To many, this intelligence may convey little or nothing. To us, who know something of the man and his methods, it is fraught with terrible significance.

It has been the fashion to regard as negligible the efforts which have been made since the war to sow strife among the workers and bring about a great anarchic uprising in this country, but simultaneously with the information that Radek is here we have gained knowledge of an amazing plot to organise a revolution in the face of which it would be foolish to under-estimate the reality of the Red menace.

Who is Karl Radek? His real name is Sobelson, and he is closely identified with the mysterious and sinister "Elders of Zion" who are behind most of the industrial unrest and revolutionary activity with which Europe is afflicted. His creed is class hatred, and his purpose may best be described in the words of the secret documents of the "Elders":—

"This hatred will be still further magnified by the effect of an economic crisis, which will stop dealings on the exchanges and bring industry to a standstill. We shall create by all the secret subterranean methods open to us, and with the aid of gold, which is all in our hands, a universal economic crisis, whereby we shall throw upon the streets whole mobs of workers simultaneously in all the countries of Europe. These mobs will rush with delight and shed the blood of those whom, in the simplicity of their ignorance, they have envied from their cradles, and whose property they will then be able to loot."

Radek was one of the Council held at the Kremlin in Moscow in November, 1918, at which Lenin presided and Trotsky and Tchicherin were also present, which formulated detailed instructions to Bolshevist agents abroad. These included the following:—

"To provoke agitation in order to bring about national conflicts.

"To compromise by all possible means the influential men in the country, to make attempts on the men in power, and to provoke agitation against the Government.

"To provoke general and partial strikes, to damage machinery and boilers, and to spread propagandist literature.

"To provoke and support railway strikes; to blow up bridges and railway lines, and do everything to disorganise transport.

"To impede and prevent the provisioning of the towns with corn; to create financial difficulties and inundate the market with forged banknotes."

The carrying out of these instructions in this country has been placed in the hands of Radek, and he is now over here consolidating his plans.

He is well chosen for his devil's task, for it was he who was sent to Berlin in 1918 and organised the Spartacist revolution there. The revolution was a failure, but he had established thirty Bolshevist organisations in Germany among a people who are notoriously subservient to firm government and order.

His object here is to organise the greatest revolution the world has ever known, to demolish the Throne and crush the capitalists, and set up in place of our democratic government a Communistic Soviet régime like that of Russia.

He is well supplied with gold. Money is pouring into this country in hundreds of thousands of pounds from Russia, Germany and America to assist him in his fell work. Of the vast sums at his disposal, no less than £40,000 a week is being spent in his desperate effort to engineer a revolution.

There are several revolutionary offices in London; one in Shaftesbury avenue, and others in the East End and in the vicinity of the docks. Throughout the country most large towns contain hotbeds of sedition, notably Liverpool, Sheffield, Coventry, Birmingham, Newcastle, and Cardiff, and Yorkshire and practically the whole of Wales and Scotland are honeycombed with Bolshevist activity. Special attention is being paid at the moment to the Clyde, where an appalling outbreak of disorder and sabotage might occur at any time.

The scheme includes the seizing of every bit of transport and the holding up of all our food supplies.

Is it too much to ask that the ringleader of this diabolical plot should at once be deported from this country whose destruction he seeks to accomplish?

JOBS FOR M.P.s' FRIENDS

Politicians and Place Hunters

That Tammany Hall methods have, unfortunately, invaded this country, is shown in the following amazing disclosures of nepotism practised by our politicians to discharge personal claims.

IN his moments of self-righteous expansion the Briton likes to think he is not as other men, and that the scandals of nepotism and job-finding for political supporters that disgrace Tammany Hall methods in America are not possible in this country.

The fact is, that in recent years the touting for jobs under the Government has become such a scandal that many conscientious M.P.s have had to make it a rule that they will not promise their support to any candidate for a post with any Government Department. At least one very distinguished politician who retired at the General Election did so out of disgust at the manner in which he was beset by hungry job-seekers, who expected him to spend most of his time in the Ministries urging their claims.

It is not possible to state the names of the politicians who have been most active in finding positions for their political friends, but it is possible to say that more than fifty thousand of the positions filled in Government offices during the past four years were filled on the recommendation of M.P.s, and it is significant that of these 5,344 were filled by men who were previously in the service of the political Parties either locally or nationally. These five thousand odd jobs vary from door keepers to Housing Commissioners, the salaries ranging from £200 to £1,200 a year.

Some of the appointments involve the placing of many square pegs in round holes. What, for instance, are the qualities in an election agent that make him an ideal Housing Commissioner? He probably knows all that is to be known about evading the penalties attached to illegal practices during election time, and can compile a return of election expenditure as well as anyone else, but that hardly qualifies him to determine where and how houses shall be built.

A goods checker at a railway siding or a caulker in a shipyard may be capable fellows in their respective spheres, but their qualifications as Pensions Officers are hardly obvious; and it is difficult to see the grounds on which a sub-agent in an important borough is transformed into an Inspector of Fisheries, while registration agents who dodged military service on the ground that their work was of national importance are pitchforked into jobs where they will sit in judgment on the claims of men who were maimed for life while serving with the fighting forces.

Yet these are only some of the square pegs which have been introduced into Government Departments at the instance of grateful M.P.s as a reward for services rendered at election time.

Heads of Government Departments are well aware of this growing tendency to force on them incompetent persons with political "pull," and they are not slow to protest to the Ministers in charge, but they find that the practice is beyond control, and Ministers simply dare not resist it because it is now recognised as part of the system of government by political Party hacks that the spoils should go to the victors, and that men who have "deserved well of the Party" should have a claim on any jobs they fancy either for themselves or for their kinsmen, and even for their mistresses—for the records of Whitehall are not without instances of ladies being found employment because of their willingness to be agreeable to their patrons.

This continual badgering of the permanent officials to find posts for political protégés is responsible in large measure for the perpetuation of the costly and inefficient system of "temporary" employees.

With the advent of a new Government, we are threatened with a war between rival politicians for the right to fill positions in the Government service, and there is a clamour for the displacement of all who obtained their positions through their influence with the Lloyd George Party in order to make way for nominees of the Bonar Law Party. Permanent officials, who know what to expect, have been dreading the end of the elections because there will be set free new hordes of ambitious agents and political place hunters generally, who will use all the political "pull" they can to find comfortable jobs in the Government service. There are Ministers who realise the evil and will try to fight it, but there are others who are all for following the line of least resistance and living up to the new theory of the spoils to the victors.

A MOTHER'S TRIALS

Harried by Officials

WHEN will a stop be put to the Kingston-on-Thames Education Authority's persistent persecution of that long-suffering mother, Mrs. Broderick, of 111, Bonner Hill Road, Norbiton?

This is not the first time we have protested against the almost savage pursuit of this poor woman; for we know what should be known also to the Kingston authorities—namely, that when from time to time she has kept her children from school, it has been from no desire to flout the regulations, but through sheer, poignant necessity.

On account of her semi-invalid husband earning only £2 a week, there are times when the eight who remain at home of the twenty children she has borne, have to go short of food; and it is no rare thing for one, two, or three of them to be without boots. Sometimes, too, these impoverished children fall ill.

At such times Mrs. Broderick keeps them from school—and rightly so. How can children learn that are half-starved, shoeless, or sick?

Yet she has been fined again, and a threat of imprisonment if the money is not paid hangs over her husband's head.

Are there no Guardians of the Poor at Kingston? Or are they awaiting an excuse to snatch those children from their mother and place them in one of those chilly institutions misnamed "homes"?

The whole business is as shameful as it is pathetic.

SCOTLAND YARD'S CHOCOLATE SOLDIERS

Questions They Forgot to Ask

Now that Sir William Horwood has recovered everybody is asking is there so much simplicity anywhere as at the Headquarters of Our Police System? The following article raises the question whether distinguished soldiers really make the best protectors of society against the criminal classes.

FOR the past few days the mention of Scotland Yard has everywhere raised a smile. Amongst the "crooks," the smile broadens into ribald laughter. They have already chosen their new name for the military Chiefs of the Police. They are known as "Scotland Yard's Chocolate Soldiers."

General Sir William Horwood, now happily restored to health, late Provost-Marshal, Officer of the Legion of Honour, Croix-de-Guerre of Belgium, Commander of the Order of Dannebrog, and of the Order of the Rising Sun of Japan, may not appreciate this widespread jocularity. Neither, it may be, does his assistant, Deputy-Adjutant-General Sir Borlase Childs, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., Officer of the Legion of Honour, of the Crown of Belgium, and of the Crown of Italy.

Shakespeare says that it is the sport to see the engineer hoist with his own petard. The criminal classes, though they may not read Shakespeare, may rather enjoy seeing Scotland Yard fall innocently into the booby-traps which they are supposed to keep other people out of.

No greater record of innocent ineptitude could well be told than the story of Sir William Horwood's sorry blunder in eating poisoned chocolates sent to him by post. The only thing more ludicrous and blundering was the series of lame explanations given to the public by his flustered deputies.

To begin with, sending poisoned chocolates by post was not a new piece of devilry. It was discussed fully in the Armstrong case: it was discussed in the case of the University professor who had poisoned chocolates sent to him. Anybody who received an anonymous box of chocolates—except the Chief Commissioner of Police—would have been on their guard.

How was Sir William Horwood so easily caught napping? A week before an unknown criminal had sent an anonymous bag of cakes to two Deputy-Commissioners. Did they fall for this mysterious wile? Certainly not. They kept their appetites under severe, and wise, control—and sent the box to the Public Analyst.

An amateur detective would have done more. He would have taken note of the post office—Balham, S.W.—from which the dubious gift came. He would have telephoned to the postmistress to keep an eye open for further parcels of the same kind handed in at that office. He would have caught the criminal.

The second box — the one that poisoned Sir William Horwood, was handed in at Balham, S.W.

Scotland Yard does not consist of amateurs, but only of professional detectives. So they did not think of this elementary precaution.

The writing was disguised in partly block-letter print. That would have aroused the suspicions of the most bungling amateur. It made no impression on the acute and perspicacious mind of the Chief Commissioner of Police. The box was not an ordinary chocolate-box, but an old soap-box, rather soiled. This would positively have alarmed the tyro in Sherlock Holmes' methods. It raised no fluttering apprehension in the dovecots of Scotland Yard.

When the Chief was taken ill the Deputies got busy. They proceeded to explain away the almost tragic blunder of their acute discerning and sweet-toothed superior. He was not so simple as he looked—they said. He took the chocolates because he was expecting some as a birthday gift from his daughter.

Why, an amateur detective might have asked, should the Chief's daughter, who lives at Goring-on-Thames, send her gift of chocolates from Balham, S.W.—where the previous suspect parcel came from?

Why, he might have asked, should she send chocolates on Nov. 9 to celebrate her father's birthday which was on Nov. 7? Why should she disguise her handwriting? Why shouldn't she enclose a note? Why should she use, not a chocolate-box, but a soiled old soap-box.

If any, or either, or all of these natural questions had been asked, the blunder that has covered Scotland Yard with ridicule—on both sides of the Atlantic—would not have occurred.

If Sir William had rung up his daughter—but that, perhaps, is going too closely into the possibilities. Even a detective cannot think of everything on Lord Mayor's Day.

Sir Borlase Childs, stung by the Press, accused the *Daily Mail* of destroying a clue by warning the criminal that he had succeeded.

But Scotland Yard had itself announced that Sir William was suffering from "malicious poisoning." Was that not warning the criminal, too?

Sir Borlase protested too much. There are some predicaments in which silence is more dignified. Such was the occasion, a few weeks before, when Scotland Yard was burgled under, as it were, its own nose. But to develop that point is too like rubbing it in. Scotland Yard would prefer, no doubt, to rub it out.

"SLIM" SANDY

Lonely Leaguer Traced to His Lair

That unabashed and unabeshable rogue, the notorious Sandy McNab, has again appeared within the circle of our observation.

It will be recalled that Sandy McNab—Adam Arthur, or Arthur Hillcote, three names which cover the same elusive rascal—ran a very questionable agency in Kennington Road, S.E., for the mutual introduction of men and women. This money-making concern—which bore the touching title of the "League for Lonely Men and Women"—was from the first seriously open to suspicion, since it provided a medium whereby unscrupulous *roues*—and even worse characters—were enabled to get in touch, more or less secretly, with innocent, foolish and thoughtless girls—in many instances no doubt to their undoing; and, on the other hand, afforded immoral and designing women with the means to secure the acquaintance of inexperienced and adventurous young men, to the peril of their purses and their self-respect.

In our issue of October 7, we announced that we had succeeded in hounding him from 44, Kennington Road, S.E., from which address he transacted the highly profitable business of his "League."

Following our unsparing exposure, McNab lay "doggo" for some weeks. But the lure of easy money has proved too much for him. He has returned to the "League" business, and is now installed at 3, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, W.C., from which address he is again carrying on his dangerous game.

One of our readers got in touch with the League through an advertisement in the *South London Press*, and received a communication signed "Arthur Hillfield," offering to send him "*at once* the name, address, photo and particulars of a Lonely Young Lady residing in London." The price of the proposed introduction was, as at the Kennington Road address, three shillings and sixpence!

At a subsequent interview, when McNab was caught unawares, he had to admit a "mistake" in his signature "Hillfield," and then coolly put the matter right by writing "cote" over "field"!

We once more say firmly that this unscrupulous and predatory man—who has been to prison for a disgraceful assault upon a little girl—must not be permitted to run his dangerous enterprise unhindered. It is for this reason that we hasten to utter a word of warning to all who might be tempted to entangle themselves in the net he has spread once more.

TRAVAILS OF A TRAVELLER

Precious Little for Nine Guineas.

TRAVELLER (young, good appearance,) for Birmingham. Experience unnecessary to smart man. Age and reference.—357 Y, Mail.

THE above advertisement appeared in the *Birmingham Mail* on August 24 last.

One of those who replied was Mr. John James Anderson, of 93, Glovers Road, Small Heath, Birmingham. He received a letter asking him to call at Royal Commercial College, Herald Chambers, Martineau Street, Birmingham.—On the College premises—two rooms on the third floor—he was interviewed by a Mr. J. E. Lane. He was flattered by being told that he was "just the sort of young man the College required," but——. They would see that he got a job, as per advertisement, if he cared to *take their course in commercial travelling*. This though Mr. Anderson is a skilled salesman, and has travelled.

Mr. Anderson, who is unemployed, married, and the father of a baby a few months old, by scraping and with the aid of his aged mother, got the fee together—nine guineas.

On August 31 he handed over the money, and proceeded to take the "course of training." This consisted in calling each week, and having three sheets of typed paper handed to him by one of the staff—an office boy. The "Course" told him—well, the usual things. All about having neat samples, and a good appearance, etc., etc. *ad lib.*

At the end of four weeks he asked for the job. Nothing doing. Five weeks—same result. And then, week by week, but no job.

However, on Oct. 28, after a very strong communication to the College, he was given a letter of introduction to the Manager of a publishing concern. He called with it. The person to whom it was addressed spent about two hours in trying to persuade him that the job—*book canvassing*—was a heart-breaking proposition. Finally, he told Anderson that he *had better take 24 hours to think it over*, and promised to see him next day.

Anderson called, but the Manager was annoyed to see him, and told him to call again in three days! Anderson called repeatedly on different days, without result.

What has he got for his £9 9s.? Twelve three-mile trips—at his own expense. A few sheets of type-written rubbish, and—yes, he has an unstamped "contract" and a stamped receipt for nine guineas.

Is Anderson's experience worth the money? Personally, he thinks it is but an unpleasant adaptation of the old adage "Nothing for nothing and precious little for—nine guineas"!

BREACH AND BLACKMAIL

Vile Criminals Helped by the Law

How our Breach of Promise Laws facilitate the operations of some of the most dangerous of the criminal classes.

READERS of JOHN BULL are well aware that the Divorce Laws of this country are turned to account by blackmailers of both sexes, but probably it will come as a surprise to them to learn that the laws with regard to breach of promise are also utilised by this type of criminal.

For every breach of promise case that reaches the Courts there are hundreds that never actually come before the Judges because those concerned do not want them to reach that stage. These cases have been entered with no other object than to prey on the fears of men who abhor being made to look ridiculous by the reading of love letters in Court.

This form of blackmail is so profitable that there are women who seem to make a profession of it. There are even solicitors of the lower type who employ touts to seek out cases of this kind and take them up as a speculation.

Quite recently a case was set down for hearing in which the parties were a lady not unknown in the West End night clubs and the young son and heir of a war-time millionaire. There is no doubt that the youngster had been under the spell of this experienced syren, and had written her some rather foolish letters. He discontinued the association, and thought no more of her until he had a letter from a firm of shady solicitors saying that they had commenced proceedings for breach of promise.

It so happened that the engagement of the young man to a lady well known in Society had been announced a few days before, a fact no doubt duly noted by the aggrieved plaintiff in this suit, and the prospective bridegroom and his family naturally did not want the breath of a scandal at such a time. Negotiations were opened, and the case was finally settled for a payment of five thousand pounds down and the costs of the lawyers.

Despite that settlement, the woman afterwards made attempts to approach the parties direct, but inquiries had satisfied the solicitors acting for the defence that she was little better than a professional blackmailer; she was defied to do her worst. Needless to say nothing more was heard of her threats.

The menaces of a harpy of this type were responsible for the breaking off an engagement that aroused a good deal of interest in Society last year. In this case the bride groom had refused to pay at first, and a communication was made to the girl to whom he was engaged as well as to her family. A few days later the man paid up, and the matter dropped, but not before two young lives had been embittered.

And there are creatures calling themselves men who ply this ignoble trade on their own account. Adventurers, they gain the confidence of young and impressionable girls, to whom they make love with the skill and success that comes easy to such scoundrels. In due course the families of the girls intervene, and then the aggrieved lover intimates that he will sue, revealing the whole of the facts for the edification of the public. Hush money is forthcoming, and the payers are lucky if that is the end of the matter.

The West End courtesan who plies this vile trade of professional suer has her counterpart in lower circles of Society, there being certain types of feminine frailty which find it profitable to prey on the weakness of the artisan and the clerk or the shop assistant.

The facts are only too well known to those who have to handle cases of this sort, and they seem inevitable so long as the law of breach of promise, like that of divorce, puts a premium on blackmail.

HORRORS OF THE MADHOUSE

Brutal Ill-Treatment by Asylum Attendants

Despite the recent whitewashing Government Report, almost daily we receive particulars of cases of cruelty to patients, such as the following:—

A LURID light on the terrible conditions existing in lunatic asylums—to which attention has repeatedly been drawn in these columns—is thrown by the prosecution at Sunderland last week of Thomas Storey, formerly an attendant at the Ryhope Asylum, for ill-treating a patient.

Storey had been employed at the Asylum since 1920. On August 25 last, he was on night duty.

William Albert White, who was in rather a confused state of mind, sat up in bed and became noisy. Storey roughly ordered him to be quiet, but as the noise was repeated he went to the bedside and pummelled the patient so severely about the body with his fists that the next morning the poor fellow was found to have a fractured rib!

Storey strongly denied having committed any assault, and tried to make out that the patient must have hurt himself by stumbling in getting into bed. The Acting Medical Superintendent, however, stated that the injuries were incompatible with any such accident.

What was most important, the same medical authority declared that the evidence of two other patients, who said they saw the blows struck, was reliable, as one of them had practically recovered and the other was improving. Too often a brutal attendant escapes punishment because sufficient credence is not given to the evidence of patients, who in many cases are the only actual eye-witnesses.

The Bench imposed a fine of £10.

Storey had already been dismissed from his post, but it is difficult to regard even this additional penalty as adequate for his brutal conduct, seeing that the Head Attendant stated in evidence that there had been two previous occasions when patients were bruised during the night while Storey was on duty. The late Medical Superintendent had suspected him, but no action had then been taken.

Who can say what shocking cruelties may not have been practised by this callous wretch on the poor demented creatures committed to his care before he was thus brought to account?

We have no hesitation in asserting, in spite of official denials, that acts of cruelty and brutality to patients in lunatic asylums are disgracefully prevalent. Not a tenth of the cases which occur are ever made known to the public, and in only a fraction of those which come into the Police Courts do the brutal attendants get their deserts, for the simple reason that the evidence of persons who have been certified as insane is generally disregarded.

Who can forget the awful ordeal of Arthur Crosthwaite in the Wakefield Asylum? Ordered a bath, he was left in the hands of two fellow lunatics, who stripped him naked in a cold backyard, scrubbed him until his body was raw, and scalded him to death! No penalty was inflicted on the attendants whose negligence was responsible for the horror.

At the Netherne Asylum, Surrey, an attendant punched a patient named George Smith all over the body, breaking one of his ribs and a finger. It was shown in evidence that this brute had the control of sixty-seven patients. The Reigate Bench fined him £2.

Then there was William Charles Knight, who was pounced upon by an attendant at the Inverness County Asylum, who struck him with his fists and knelt on him, fracturing the sternum and detaching three ribs from their cartilage. Knight died, and his tormentor was sent to gaol for three months!

There are over 120,000 certified lunatics confined in asylums and mental hospitals in the United Kingdom.

A Royal Commission should be appointed without delay to inquire into their treatment.

A RASCAL UNMASKED . . . . . More Disclosures Concerning Ritchie

ON Armistice Day there called upon us, in great distress, William Garratt, of Saxby Street, Brixton Hill—one of the victims of F. Barclay Ritchie, the tricky and plausible rogue who, in partnership with a man named A. H. Reed, engaged some time since a company of artistes for a musical play entitled "The Whirlwind Girl"; and who, after rehearsing them daily for a fortnight, coolly informed them that he had no money for salaries, and that the production could not proceed.

Garratt was engaged by Ritchie as stage carpenter for this abortive play and, at the time the enterprise came to its sudden end, nearly £16 was due to him in wages. For a working man with a wife and three young children, this meant desperate trouble. Himself almost starving, and his little family in a like case, he applied time after time to Ritchie for at least a little of the money due to him.

In response to his appeals Ritchie gave him, instead of money, a few trumpery articles, such as some tin foil, some odd tools, a raincoat, etc., for him to sell for food, and on which he raised twenty-six shillings. To this trivial sum must, in fairness, be added five shillings which he received from Mrs. Ritchie one day when he called upon her in a state of desperation on account of his starving children.

Garratt did not come to us in vain. Happily, we were able to give him assistance from our Fund, to tide him over his difficulties. This man, unfortunately, is not Ritchie's only victim. Most of the artistes he engaged suffered serious loss.

We have now to disclose another aspect of Ritchie's unscrupulous character.

Until a comparatively short time ago, he was employed as salesman-traveller by the highly respectable firm of Messrs. Nash & Sons, Ltd., floral display artists, of 18, Gerrard Street, W., who occupy the basement, above which is the shop of Mr. Val Jackson, a costumier.

In this gentleman's absence Ritchie prevailed upon one of Mr. Jackson's employees to allow him to "rent" a room overhead which, with amazing effrontery, he proceeded to furnish with articles taken from both Mr. Jackson's and Messrs. Nash's premises below. With ill-judged leniency the offended parties refrained from taking action against the impudent raider, apart from compelling him to leave.

The scene of Ritchie's next operations was Overton Road, Brixton, where with his wife and child he rented a flat in the house of a Mrs. Mackie.

By means of his plausible tongue he soon prevailed upon his landlady to lend him £75 on behalf of a Manchester firm *by whom he had just been dismissed.*

Charged at Lambeth with obtaining money under false pretences, he was lucky enough to be ordered merely "to come up for judgment if called upon."

Ritchie has since removed to 441, City Road, Manchester, where it is to be expected he will renew his doubtful activities.

SHOULD JILTERS PAY?

Why the "Really Nice Girl" Sometimes Sues

by ARNOLD BENNETT

MR. JUSTICE McCARDIE, trying a breach of promise action last week, summed up strongly against a young woman to whom the jury awarded £40.

He argued upon general principles, but incidentally he permitted himself personal remarks about the plaintiff which he has since probably regretted.

In criticising the trousseau purchased he said sarcastically to the plaintiff: "You seem to be providing for a family."

This was not nice.

And he referred to the plaintiff as "a very marketable young woman still." This was still less nice.

The famous bachelor judge only weakened his arguments by indulging in such ill-considered observations.

HIS chief argument was that it is better for a man who has ceased to love, to break off his engagement and face the consequences; and he pointed out the evil results of an unhappy marriage, not merely to the individuals immediately concerned, but to the community as a whole.

Everybody will agree.

But everybody will not agree with the judge's suggestion that there ought not to be any "consequences" for the jilter, that, indeed, it is wrong to ask the honest fellow to pay because he has acted in a conscientious manner.

To satisfy one's conscience is generally rather expensive.

If it wasn't we should all be marvels of moral perfection.

THAT some, and perhaps many, breach of promise actions are merely vindictive, and that the battered threat of a breach of promise is often wrongly used to force an unwilling wooer to the altar (or to the Registry Office) is certain. And that there is often something ignoble and degrading about a breach of promise action is equally certain.

Sensitive and self-respecting girls will hesitate long before bringing a breach of promise action.

The spectacle of a girl demanding money as solace for a wounded heart is highly disagreeable to a normal mind.

But marriage has its economic side.

If, for example, a girl is jilted after being engaged for several years she may find herself in disastrous trouble not only sentimentally but financially.

She may have spent, solely with a view to marriage, money which she could not easily afford. Why should she not be recouped? She may have abandoned a livelihood with a view to marriage. Why should she not be compensated?

Why should she, in addition to the terrible humiliation of being jilted, have to suffer financially for the satisfaction of the jilter's conscience?

THE answer obviously is that there is no reason why she should have to suffer financially.

She owes no consideration to the jilter.

She owes consideration to herself alone, and in some circumstances financial embarrassment, destroyed prospects, and the necessity of existing may compel her against her will to consider herself in a manner uncharacteristic of a "really nice girl."

It would doubtless be convenient for jilters if the jilted would withdraw utterly from the world and take the veil.

Life, however, is "not like that."

FIRST EVERY TIME

THE greatest crowds London has ever seen since the Armistice witnessed the announcement of the Election results on the JOHN BULL Screen in Trafalgar Square.

JOHN BULL scored a tremendous triumph by announcing these results from three to five minutes before its rivals. The crowd was entertained by a display of Famous Players-Lasky and Goldwyn films, and also by sketches by Owen Aves, Art Editor of the *Passing Show*.

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

THE most popular Chancellors of the Exchequer are those who know nothing about the Exchequer. They rely entirely upon their underlings, who, of course, know the job from A to Z. An interfering Chancellor, a busybody, a know-all, usually sets everyone by the ears—with disastrous effects on the Budget.

The conscientious, positive Cabinet minister is a nuisance; the easy-going, negative fellow is a blessing. Since none of them really knows how to govern, the one who doesn't attempt to discharge his job efficiently is the least obstructive, the least expensive and, in the long run, the least harmful for the country.

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN has the makings of a very dangerous Chancellor. He is a man of push and go, a positive man, with very definite ideas and very strong convictions. His Budget is not likely to stagger humanity, because his Party is not out to revolutionise finance, but it may stagger the brewers.

Those who know him are amazed at the way in which he managed to rub along with Lloyd George. There is not a single point of resemblance between them. The ex-Premier would hardly stop at

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN

promising the unemployed a portion of the moon if he thought that might keep him in power. Indeed, his promises are so wild, and the possibility of their performance so utterly remote, that they have become a national joke. But no power on earth could extract from Mr. Baldwin a promise that he didn't mean to fulfil.

BOTH politically and temperamentally he and his late master are at opposite poles, and his position as Board of Trade President was a source of perpetual irritation to him.

Mr. Lloyd George had no idea that his Government was seething with revolt. He had been told so often that his magnetic personality could smooth over any difficulties that he just went on magnetising. He talked glibly of volcanoes in which he didn't believe, quite unaware that the only serious eruption would take place beneath his own feet.

HE had reached that stage of absolute self-sufficiency—recorded in history almost without variation of all autocrats—when he really did believe the world would stop revolving if he were not there to keep it in motion. But, like Cæsar, he reckoned without his Brutus—that is to say, without his Baldwin.

Though affected, like everyone else, by the Georgian magnetism, Mr. Baldwin disliked the Georgian pose and detested the Georgian influence. He wanted to get back to Parties, or, as he would call them, Principles; and he was one of the inner ring that instigated the rebellion.

HE had inhaled such enormous quantities of the Georgian ether that it became with him simply a case of kill or cure—and, being blessed with a strong, pugnacious constitution, the cure was every bit as drastic as the dose had been.

He is not at all likely to set the Thames on fire, but recent attempts in that direction have been so disastrous that he will earn our gratitude if he is only able to pour a little oil on the troubled waters.

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

Unless the new M.P.'s we've got
Have sold us all a pup,
They'll do their very best to wake
This Rip Van Winkle up!

Let's hope the Government we get
Our wretched lot will ease
By taking from this "Clutching Hand"
The "Freedom of the Squeeze."

In late elections in the States
The Prohibition pets
To cool their ardour lately got
A damper from the "Wets."

Of former members many now
Are once more safely back,
While others have been sacrificed
(With the accent on the sack!)

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. J. H. THOMAS, M.P.,
Labour Leader.

SIR,—You are entitled to boast of Labour's progress. You can rely on public support for your policy of dealing with poverty and its causes, of doing something for the unemployed man and starving child. But set your own political house in order first. Note that Arthur Henderson, who threw the Capital Levy bomb-shell, was rejected by Widnes. Note, too, that Comrade Bob Williams, who wanted to put "to let" outside Buckingham Palace, has been sent, not to, but from Coventry. And don't let the raucous Bolshies in your party push you over the precipice. Don't let the Communist tail wag the Labour dog. Keep the extremists in their place. Then you may be a credit to Labour and a help to the country. JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. G. A. EGERTON,
Half Moon Street, Piccadilly.

SIR,—You appear to be an inveterate road-hog. You were fined on November 9th, at Chertsey, and at Slough on June 14th. Last week you were fined again at Acton, after saying that you would like to have the policeman who stopped you in front of your car. Your solicitor said no notice should be taken of this, as your nerves were "jagged." People like you, with jagged nerves and lofty lineage, do not help to make the roads safe for democracy. Go slow, young man, or you will find yourself brought to a long stop. The public will not stand for this aristocratic road-hogging. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL,
London.

DEAR WINSTON,—You are, in a double sense, a wounded soldier of the electoral war. The doctors removed your appendix: your constituents removed your suffix of M.P. A rest will do you good. Mespot put you in the glue-pot. This, as the negro prisoner said to the judge who was putting on the black cap, should be "a mighty powerful lesson."
JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. WILL SAWKINS,
Rochdale.

REV. SIR,—You state that many M.P.s spend their time in the gay West End instead of in Parliament, and that even there they are often three parts drunk. Rev. Sir, you are uncharitable as well as untruthful. You are yourself three parts drunk with the exuberance of your own smug self-righteousness. Did you ever hear of Faith, Hope and Charity, and that the greatest of these is Charity? JOHN BULL.

To Mr. E. J. MIZEN,
Croydon Board of Guardians.

SIR,—It is proposed in Croydon that expectant mothers, applying for admission to the Infirmary, should be interviewed by a woman, and not, as at present, by a man. You think this is "all tommy-rot." To show delicacy and consideration to expectant mothers is not "tommy-rot": it is elementary decency. And want of decency, the poet says, is want of sense. I agree. JOHN BULL.

FOUR MEN IN A BOAT

THE OPPOSITION: "We don't know where we're going but we're on our way!"

To ERSKINE CHILDERS,
Mountjoy Prison, Dublin.

SIR,—An Englishman born, an ex-officer of the R.N.V.R., you achieved fame with a book which exposed the German naval menace and led to the adoption of Rosyth as a naval base, and helped us to victory in the North Sea. What virulent and poisonous gad-fly stung you since? You, an Englishman, fought for the impossible Irish Republic, with its trail of murder and ruin across Ireland. Where De Valera, an alien enemy, was bitter, you were venomous. To-day you—the person whom Arthur Griffiths called "this damned Englishman," and refused to answer in "Dail Eireann"—are a prisoner of the Irish Free State. I waste no more words on a renegade—your performance nauseates plain and patriotic Englishmen. JOHN BULL.

To J. WADDY, Esq.,
Stipendiary Magistrate, Tower Bridge.

SIR,—Charged with being drunk and disorderly, a man named Gosling, of Avonmore, Portmore Park, Weybridge, and described as a solicitor, was fined forty shillings by you. But he was called by the Assistant-Gaoler, not as Gosling, but as "No. 4." You properly preferred to address him as Gosling, declining to be a party to this "hush-hush" arrangement. You were right. What is sauce for the goose is also sauce for the Gosling. JOHN BULL.

To Sir JAMES CANTLIE, M.D.,
Harley Street.

DEAR SIR,—You say that smoking robs girls of their freshness. If you said over-smoking I should agree. Further you say you would not smoke a cigarette for a five-pound note. Who wants you to? Really there are some quite sane people who occasionally smoke a cigarette without becoming physical or nervous wrecks. Is not over-statement as intemperate as over-smoking? JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JOE HARRIS,
Labour Candidate, Penryn.

SIR,—Why, you asked in a speech at Penryn, crush the Germans with heavy reparations when we now know that we were to blame? Why not, if that is your view, go and soothe the savage breasts of the Hun with denunciations of British wrongdoing? Why stay here, soiling the cause of Labour with this strange love for every country but your own. Must you stay? Can't you go? No wonder you were badly beaten at the poll. JOHN BULL.

To the RESIDENT CLERGY,
Droitwich.

REV. GENTLEMEN. — Recently Droitwich Guardians invited you to hold Sunday services in the workhouse. A Catholic priest and a Baptist Minister consented. You refused, asking if the other officers of the Board were giving their services on Sunday for nothing. This is mercenary Christianity. Your Great Exemplar did not refuse to minister to the poor unless He was paid cash down. Try and practise this, instead of refusing even to preach it except at a fat fee. JOHN BULL.

To COUNTESS TEMPLE,
Newton Park, Bath.

YOUR LADYSHIP,—Hearing that a house belonging to your husband was being used as a Labour candidate's committee-room and displaying Labour posters, you sent your sub-agent and chauffeur to tear down the offending documents. Did you ever hear of Mrs. Partington, who tried to sweep away the Atlantic with a broom? Think it out in the opulent luxury of your boudoir at Newton Park. JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

AS we from the first anticipated and confidently predicted, Mr. Bonar Law has been returned to power at the head of a compact Conservative majority.

The People's Choice

We are glad, not because we personally own allegiance to the Conservative Party, but because in the present state of the country the decision of the electors represents a victory for common-sense.

Almost as gratifying as the majority of the Government is the strength of the Opposition, for without a strong active opposition there can be no guarantee for efficient government.

The position of JOHN BULL in the altered state of things hardly needs defining. With the advent of a new Government, broad-based upon the people's will, we shall resume the rôle of watchful critic, allowing no Party interest to influence our pronouncements upon topics of the day.

Inside the House of Commons the new Administration will have to reckon with the Labour Party and Mr. Lloyd George. Though constrained for the moment to plough a lonely furrow, it must not be assumed that the Great Commoner, as, after Pitt, he may well be called, is doomed to political sterility. We shall see what we shall see.

Meanwhile, the quality we shall look for in Mr. Bonar Law is courage; not the mere bravado of the footlights, but that "four o'clock in the morning" courage which, as Wellington taught his lieutenants, could wrest victory from the jaws of despair. Let him stamp out jobbery from public life and purge the fountain of honour.

In one sense the last Parliament was the most corrupt since the days of Walpole. At the moment of his fall we learn the full story of the late Premier's laxity in the granting of titles and distinctions to his lagging supporters. In less than four years a title or honour of some kind was conferred on about one in five of the Coalition's supporters in the House of Commons!

Under Mr. Bonar Law we look for a new order of things, an era of clean politics, a fresh lease of prosperity. No grander opportunity has been enjoyed by any statesman of modern times.

WITHIN recent memory no police court case has excited so much public comment as that of Sir Almeric FitzRoy. And rightly so. For although the occasion was trivial the principles involved are as wide as our British tradition of liberty and as broad as the foundations of public justice.

Dismiss Mr. Mead!

We propose to shape our criticisms in the form of positive demands. First of all, there must be a radical overhauling of the methods by which Hyde Park is policed after dusk, and the officers entrusted with this delicate task must be given to understand that it is no crime under the Law of England for a man to enter into desultory conversation with a woman to whom he has not been formally introduced.

As things stand, many prostitutes make the park their happy hunting ground, and are never interfered with by the police—we need not canvass the reasons—while the most innocent flirtation, and even at times a casual smile or nod, is treated as a criminal offence.

Not only the police are involved in the FitzRoy affair, but the whole of our judicial methods. If Sir Almeric FitzRoy had been a humble citizen instead of a valued servant of the Crown a foul miscarriage of justice would have been consummated.

The expense of an appeal to Quarter Sessions would have been out of the question, and the folly of a London Magistrate who broke every rule of equity and common-sense in the conduct of the proceedings would have gone unrepaired.

The case thus emphasises the whole question of legal costs, which at their present inflated level often amount to a denial of justice. Also it raises in an acute form Mr. Mead's position as a member of the London Magistracy.

Within the last week he has again shown his unfitness for the post he holds by calling a prisoner before him a second time in one day and reducing by a half the sentence he had passed upon him in the morning. Such senile vacillation is out of place on the Bench.

As we said weeks ago, Mr. Mead must at once be relieved of his duties. The new Home Secretary dare not ignore the force of public opinion in a matter so closely touching the liberty of the citizen.

"WHAT is a money'ender?" is a question which ranks with "What is whisky?" and "What is a sardine?" as among classic legal conundrums. Strictly speaking, a moneylender is a person registered under the Moneylenders Act, whose transactions are subject to a certain amount of legal supervision and whose contracts may be re-opened by the Courts if they are held to be "harsh and unconscionable."

His Pound of Flesh

At the same time the well-disposed individual who obliges his friend with a fiver is, we suppose, a moneylender in the broader sense of the term, and it was a gentleman of this kidney who recently figured as plaintiff in the King's Bench Division against an impecunious lady.

The plaintiff, it was stated, was no skinflint but a good Christian man, a member of a certain religious organisation, and altogether a most respectable citizen. The Lord Chief Justice, however, as a result of an exhaustive investigation, formed no high opinion of him.

It was found that in respect of certain modest loans he had charged, and apparently received, interest at the rate of no less than 600 per cent., while, not satisfied with this Shylock usury, he had finally put his debtor into Court to extract further usury in the name of justice.

In the present state of the law, which holds professional moneylenders in check while allowing amateur bloodsuckers its protection, the Lord Chief Justice had no option on the figures but to enter judgment for the plaintiff for fifteen pounds. The public will be ill satisfied. It is high time such infamous proceedings were stamped out by the iron heel of the law.

THE return of M. Coué once more calls attention to the evil of unskilled medical practice, nowhere more perilous than in the region of the mind. Lately we had something to say about the psycho-analyst cult, which in the hands of unscrupulous quacks is working a vast amount of mischief. The Coué craze is on a slightly different footing, but has dangers no less real.

Medical Broadcasting

The volatile M. Coué himself is quite an insignificant sort of person, and if it were not for the amazing energy and resource of his Press agent, he would probably have been heard very little of, either on France or in this country.

There is nothing new in his mental philosophy, nothing that has not been known and practised by medical men the world over for a generation.

The only difference between M. Coué and the skilled mental specialist to whom "auto-suggestion" is an every-day remedy is that the French quack is bound by no restraint in the practice of his cult, while the trained physician, except in the rarest cases, is guided by a sense of responsibility towards his patient.

We remember how on the last occasion he was here, M. Coué visited a hospital where a number of ex-soldiers suffering from various mental disorders were under treatment, the result of his visit being to spread through the place a dangerous hysteria. It is this peril that has to be guarded against, and frankly we do not welcome the return of this advertising quack.

Level-headed people do not need his cheap homilies, and as for those whose minds are seriously unbalanced, it will be well if they are kept out of his way. The "broadcasting" of any form of medical treatment without reference to the individual needs of patients is a dangerous innovation.

FOR months past, we have insisted upon the need for a great reduction in the burden of taxation, and since it is as well to be practical, we now plump for the Free Breakfast Table. The phrase dates from the time of Gladstone, who regarded economy as the chief political virtue, and as Chancellor of the Exchequer had the courage to live up to his convictions.

Table Taxes

It will not do simply to reduce the Income Tax and leave the humbler taxpayers weighed down with a mass of oppressive duties. Such common articles of consumption as tea, coffee, and sugar, the simple comforts of the poorest of the population, ought not in time of peace to bear the heavy rate of taxation now imposed, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer who sets himself by a scheme of wise economies to revise the whole incidence of indirect taxation will earn and receive the gratitude of the nation.

Next in order come beer and tobacco, the necessities, rather than luxuries in the proper sense of these terms. Relief for the income-taxpayer, to which the politicians are stoutly pledged, must come hand in hand with the lightening of the burdens of the poor.

THE SPIRIT OF SPORT

by

A. G. GARDINER

I AM not one of those who shed tears over the defeat of Mr. Churchill. I have as little enthusiasm for that gentleman as anybody; but I felt, as I think most people must have felt, that it was a shabby thing for his opponents at Dundee to howl him down. The average man doesn't like the tyranny of the hooligan any more than he likes any other form of tyranny. He likes good sportsmanship, and it was surely the worst kind of sportsmanship to refuse a hearing to a man who had come from a sick bed. I dislike Mr. Churchill's politics so much that I regret that his opponents should have given him the advantage of appearing as a victim of intolerance.

It is well to enter a protest against incidents of this kind, for the reputation of the English people for playing the game, whether in politics, business or sport, is one of our most honourable traditions, and that reputation is in serious danger of being lost.

Take the discreditable affairs which have occurred recently on the football field, notably at Tottenham and Chelsea. These things are a deadly blow struck at one of our great social institutions. There is no pleasanter feature of our popular life than the development of football. Whether from the point of view of the player or the spectator, football is easily the first recreation that the English love of games has given to the world. It is to us what the gladiatorial display was to ancient Rome, and what the shambles of the bull-ring is to modern Spain. It is thrilling without cruelty and presents the spirit of our people in sport in a light in which we are entitled to take pride. It would be a national misfortune if the healthy and generous temper which belongs to the game were poisoned by a spirit of passion and violence.

It is suggested in some quarters that this new tendency is due to the development of betting in connection with the game. I don't know to what extent this is true. It is unfortunately the fact that betting kills the spirit of sport whenever it appears. It has corrupted the Turf and played havoc with the fine sport of boxing. Incidents like those to which I refer are not due to the money taint, but to a decline of that chivalrous spirit which is the soul of good sportsmanship. It is better to lose a game gallantly than to win it shabbily, and partisanship which cannot take a beating with good grace is a disease of which we ought to be ashamed.

I am told that at the Spanish bull-fights if the matador does not please the spectators they shy broken bottles and any other convenient missiles at him. In this way they sometimes goad him to his death. Let us leave that kind of brutality to the Spaniard. We play our game in a more generous fashion and a kindlier spirit. We like to win, but we also know how to lose. Do not let us destroy that fine tradition and turn the football field into a bear garden.

A WORD · TO

5.—WE CAN:

by "A GENTLEMA

(Author of "The Mir

"OUR most pressing business . to leave him, for the mo independent journalism, and to an dour co-operating labour a so the industrialist may confidently increasi

BURKE likened the human race to a man smitten with a mortal consumption whose sole solicitude is to find a cure for an itching finger.

The present House of Commons, which many good judges regard with some degree of confidence, may presently produce an unguent calculated to allay the irritation of a sore finger; but I hope that no man on this side of Bedlam believes that it can cure us of our mortal ill. Indeed, it is a part of this deadly ill that we should in any way regard the statesman as a physician, instead of realising that he is nothing more than a super-policeman.

The other day I asked a professional golfer what he had learned since I last saw him. He replied: "To forget the ball." Our main business now is to forget the politician. The sight of a teed ball, sitting up on a pinch of sand, will often paralyse the elaborate mentality of even the most admirable golfer, reducing his swing to the grotesque crumplings of a contortionist and his drive to a jab of painful frenzy. In like manner, the prominence of the politician in our national life distracts the mind of the nation from its main business. We think that he is there to produce the millennium from his shirt-sleeves, or to abstract Utopia from a hat which he has borrowed from somebody else; and in truth he *is* a master illusionist; but he can do nothing to cure us of the disease which is now threatening our national existence.

IT would be well for us, I am sure, to forget the politician. Our danger is not political: it is industrial. A Government can make it possible, or can make it impossible, for the industrialist to save us: but it can do nothing of itself to save us. Any Government can print money: no Government can create wealth.

The only reason we can have for associating the politician with the idea of wealth is that he has so frequently rendered it impossible for the creators of wealth to function. He can interfere with industry, he can impose conditions, he can improve or impair confidence, in recent years he has succeeded in bringing the industrial machine almost to a complete standstill; but he has never created new wealth nor found fresh markets for our industry. Let us forget him, for he cannot help us in this present need. He too is paid out of the earnings of industry.

WHAT is the disease which is threatening our national existence? I think it can be stated in the simplest of words: for no psycho-analyst is necessary to tell a man where his shoe pinches. In one word, this disease is Insufficiency. There is not sufficient wealth in these islands to make life worth living for the majority of their inhabitants. The employed are not much better off than the unemployed, whose sufferin are almost intolerable. An overwhelmi majority of the British nation is at th moment short of food, short of clothin short of room, short of money. We exis but unhappily. We do our duty, but grud ingly. There is no zest of pleasure in o day, and no healthful dreams of hope refresh us in our sleep. For many, ma people in this country life has become deadly daily strife with deprivation.

WHAT can the politician do to mend th sorry state of things, this state things so unworthy of a great nation, so d astrous to that nation's trade, so injurious the solvency of our manufacturers? His p scription is to take away from us even th which we possess, to plunder our insufficienc to prey upon our pitiable beggary. He c do no more to make up the insufficiency goods than a postman can, or a town cle or an inspector of nuisances. Not only is unable to create wealth: he cannot even how wealth can be created. The m soaring intellects among the politicians Labour can prescribe nothing better th a vast destruction of our already insufficie wealth—a capital levy. The most that ev the present Government is likely to do us is to cut down its own costly expendit and somewhat to lighten the burden which crushing us to the earth. It can do noth to supply our deficiencies.

DOES any man in his senses suppose t if Labour raided capital it would p duce wealth for the suffering citizen, or i gave self-government to India that the cott operatives of Lancashire would not spee be thrown out of employment by a ta aimed at their destruction? Does any m of an elementary understanding suppose a moment that even the most valor economy of Mr. Bonar Law, and even most heroic reduction of taxation by Stanley Baldwin, can supply us with be and cheaper food, with happier and chea homes, with greater and nobler leisure

Let us make up our minds once and all that a government can tax our hou but cannot pay our rent: can increase cost of our food, but cannot fill our lar can spend our money, but cannot earn living. Let us make up our minds once for all on this simple matter, and then pro

THE WORLD

THEY CANNOT!

WITH A DUSTER"

of Downing Street," etc.)

..... is to forget the politician, nt at least, to the watchful care of eate by our concentrated thoughts l and national atmosphere in which t about his work of saving us from calamity."

to cultivate in ourselves an entirely fresh disposition towards industry. It is high time we saw industry in a new light.

I ASK any man of reasonable intelligence whether it does not indicate a most dangerous degree of lunacy, that the great organiser and creator of wealth should be regarded as a parasite, and the muddle-headed student of Karl Marx, thumping his tub at a street-corner, should be regarded as the inspired prophet of millennium? What has come of our English common-sense, when a paradox so ludicrous and so distinctive can find a place in the English mind?

I am confident that our most pressing business at this new turn of fortune's wheel is to forget the politician, to leave him, for the moment at least, to the watchful care of independent journalism, and to create by our concentrated thoughts and our co-operating labour a social and a national atmosphere in which the industrialist may confidently set about his work of saving us from increasing calamity.

IN such an atmosphere we should certainly find it less difficult to breathe. A sense of adventure would soon, I think, revisit the mind of the nation. We should recapture our fathers' good habit of judging men, not by their words, but by their deeds. We should feel ourselves to be explorers and discoverers. We should be conscious of real captains at our head. Moreover, with the mind of the whole nation thus concentrated, hopefully and adventurously, on the creative power of unfettered industry, there would come a great flood of fresh inventions, lightening the toil of both factory and home, lifting the burden of drudgery from the backs of both men and women, clearing and beautifying the entire face of existence. Our social reforms would hatch themselves.

This is not a vain dream. Many times industry has saved our country from a crisis which bred despair in the minds of far greater statesmen than Mr. Clynes and Mr. Henderson. Junius flung up his hands at our national debt. Fox, Burke, and Pitt "stood aghast" before the terrible burden of England's liability. It has always been the same; and always industry has pulled the nation through. Macaulay saw this central truth and faced the pessimists of his day with comfort and good hope, relying on "the prudence and energy" of the English people. Listen to his manful words, for none better could be addressed to the nation at this present juncture:—

> Our rulers will best promote the improvement of the nation by strictly confining themselves to their own legitimate duties, by leaving capital to find its most lucrative course, commodities their fair price, industry and intelligence their natural reward, idleness and folly their natural punishment, by maintaining peace, by defending property, by diminishing the price of law, and by observing strict economy in every department of the State. Let the Government do this: the People will assuredly do the rest.

The same prescription must be followed now both by the Government and by the People if we are to survive the searching tests of the next five years. A Government which strictly confines itself to its own legitimate duties is not suffering from "standstillism," and a generation which creates an abundance of wealth to repair the destructive ravages of war is something much greater than a nation of "wage-slaves."

IN the opinion of so consummate a judge as Lord Leverhulme it is easier for us, with the multitude of our modern appliances, to discharge our debt, colossal as it seems in the figures of arithmetic, than it was for our fathers to carry their debt incurred in the Napoleonic wars. If our soldiers fought as valiantly and victoriously against the might of Prussianism as the fathers of those sons fought against the genius of Bonaparte, surely we have fallen far from grace if we cannot turn their renowned victory to as great a prosperity and as fruitful a peace as our fathers turned the unconquerable courage of Wellington's troops. We can do it, if we will; and we alone can do it.

There is nothing wrong with the heart of England; it is only the head which is suffering from the obsession of a false idea—a very bad auto-suggestion. We have been looking to the politician when we should have been looking to ourselves. We have come to think that the only way to enrich ourselves is by impoverishing others. We have been doing sums of subtraction when we should have been doing sums of addition.

LET us get this false notion out of our head, for it is unworthy of the English nation and, further, it makes for impotence. It is a notion which cannot conceivably help us, and it may quite easily destroy us. A better notion is surely that which develops all the higher virtues of human character, which creates in us a feeling of self-reliance, a sense of noble usefulness, a conviction of living rationally, and make it impossible for the malaria of parasitism to prey upon our virility.

We suffer from a lack of the goods of life. They will not fall from the sky. They will not be laid on the table in the House of Commons. Is it not reasonable, then, that we should take off our coats and make them?

GOOD-BYE TO GRANDMOTHER!

by
HAROLD OWEN

DURING the Election campaign no word was worked harder by the politicians than "Reaction." But though all bandied the word about, none of them ever defined it. They all talked of reaction as though it were, *always and necessarily*, something wrong and shameful. But it all depends. Reaction is good or bad according to what you react from. They all used the word as though Reaction and Progress were two opposite and irreconcilable things. But, again, it all depends. For if you have taken the wrong road, the only thing to do is to retrace your steps until you strike the right road again.

Mr. Bonar Law, taunted with being a reactionary, merely retorted that he was nothing of the kind. But unless he is *something* of the kind, how on earth is he going to get through even his first Session? When Mr. Lloyd George talked of reaction, he really meant: "Don't you dare to undo anything *I* have ever done, or I shall call you a pack of reactionaries."

But the new Government will not be able to begin its work without undoing something that the Coalition has done. For instance, there still remain traces of "Dora"—the cigarettes you can't buy and the chocolates you mustn't sell late in the evening; the bottle of claret you are not allowed to have in the afternoon. If these offensive and humiliating prohibitions are suitably dealt with, will that sanity be called "reaction"?

Mr. Bonar Law might have said: "If it be reaction to restore personal liberty, to undo other people's mistakes, and to try to get the country back on to the path of true Progress after we have been wandering in the bog-lands of State controls and officious interference with the reasonable liberties of adult tax-paying citizens, then I am a reactionary of the most determined type."

For the country is weary of the grandmotherly impertinences that pass for "Progress." It believes that if a man has to pay eight-and-sixpence to the State every time he buys a bottle of whisky, then he has rights as well as "duties." It believes that if Democracy is big enough to rule the Empire, it is big enough to be taken out of the swaddling clothes of Grandma "Dora."

It believes that if there is any crime in a man buying a pocket-handkerchief on a Thursday afternoon, the crime consists in the false idea of Progress which can make a crime of such an innocent act. It believes that the whole dignity of an adult-minded Democracy is outraged by the petty tyrannies promoted by people who have the effrontery to call those who stand for rational personal liberty "reactionaries."

When a healthy man comes glowing out of his cold bath we say he "gets a reaction." That is the sort of healthy, wholesome reaction we expect from the new Government.

Puppets of the Dope Kings

In spite of police protests that all is well, the cocaine traffic, the sordid trade in drugs that ruin the body, destroy the soul, continues to flourish. Our Special Commissioner, who is behind the scenes, tells something of the Big Gang, of their methods, and of their relations with the Upper Ten, and of the heartbreak and suffering they leave in their wake.

A POLICE officer, addressing a London magistrate the other day, during the hearing of a cocaine traffic charge, on which several Chinamen were in the dock, declared that the drug traffic was substantially less to-day than it was a few months ago.

This statement has been read with cynical amusement by the insolent and unabashed traffickers in drugs. It is what they call "police dope"; and in their subterranean haunts in Soho and Limehouse they make merry over the amusing thought that the police can "pass the dope" almost as dexterously as they can themselves.

The cocaine traffic is *not* decreasing. It is being carried on to-day on a greater scale than ever, leaving in its trail a ghastly heritage of broken lives and ruined homes, of suffering and degradation and debauchery.

At the upper side of the scale is a small group of prosperous blackguards, driving about in motor cars, living in the best hotels, making a fortune out of the agonies of their victims, and laughing insolently at the futile police, who are prosecuting wretched dupes—ignorant, low-caste Chinese sailors and firemen, kitchen coolies and laundry-hands—and doping Press and magistrates with cock-and-bull stories of their success in coping with this widespread evil.

The truth is that there are two schools of cocaine traffickers. One is the street-corner school, who peddle packets of cocaine—mostly heavily adulterated—in Soho cafés and back streets to prostitutes and others of the underworld.

They are poorly organised. They have, on the one hand, sailors and firemen who smuggle the "snow," as it is called, through the docks. On the other, they have a few go-betweens, mostly gaol-birds, who transfer it to the women distributors of the Piccadilly areas and to the negro musicians who play in night clubs and haunts of vice, and to others who can be induced casually to take the risk of being sent to prison for being found with the drug on them.

The profiteers in cocaine never carry the drug themselves. They are too wary. That is what they pay their dupes for.

It is the distributor-dupes whom the police harry. Here is the procedure. A woman of loose character is found in the streets, excited, gesticulating, apparently drunk. Taken to the police station, she is found to be suffering from cocaine.

When she has recovered she is asked where she got the drug. She rarely tells. She will not, in her own phrase, "split the beans." She dare not. She will go to prison, suffer the agonies of a tortured soul and body, come out a physical and mental wreck. But she knows she will get the drug again. And, above all, she knows that she will be safe. If she splits — there are punishments waiting for her worse than the law can inflict.

Women who have split on the cocaine-thugs have been found drowned in the Thames.

They have been smuggled out of the country on outward bound ships, outraged and assaulted on board, and deserted in the slums and purlieus of continental ports. They tremble and obey.

Big sums of money are made by even this street-corner school of traffickers. They get their supplies largely from Germany. It comes into the docks and firemen and sailors bring it ashore.

On first landing these men are searched at the dock gates. Of course they have no "snow." Subsequently they can go ashore—without search—and they take the drug to the peddlers of the Chinese quarters of Limehouse, who pass it on.

It costs a pound an ounce in Germany. Here it is adulterated and sold in packets—about twenty to the ounce—at anything from a pound to two pounds each.

These people prey on the unfortunates, who in turn prey on the foolish. But it is a hazardous, haphazard traffic, with certain trouble at the end of it. The traffickers go in daily fear of being found out.

At the other end of the scale is the "Big Gang," the master-criminals who live soft, and spend freely, and make big fortunes—and do not fear the police.

These are the people who finance crooks of all kinds, gaming-house keepers, jewel-thieves, bogus company promoters, all the gang of the flashily dishonest.

They have no fixed place of abode. There are five of them, at least, in the syndicate, one of them a woman.

Though two of them are brothers they are never seen together. The woman is a member of an aristocratic family, who married a "crook" who is doing penal servitude for killing a man, and who is repudiated by her relatives.

One of the two men is behind a big bookmaker's business. He has owned race-horses at various times. Two years ago he went to Ireland and "doped" a mare running in an Irish handicap. The mare quivered and sweated, and staggered, and foamed at the mouth before the race, an abject suffering spectacle. She won, but the suspicion aroused was too keen and the "dope king" fled. Before the war he was doping horses, with great profit, on the Austrian and Belgian race-courses.

These people organise the importation of the drug on a wholesale scale. They laugh at the petty traffickers, even at men like the Indian Gaekwar, who was arrested while bringing £750 worth of the drug from Paris.

They recently imported a consignment, worth over twenty thousand pounds, through Belfast from Hamburg, mixed up with a genuine consignment of potash for manure. It was transferred to Liverpool and thence circulated to agents in small packets through the post.

That is the simplest and easiest and safest way to distribute it—except for ignorant Chinese sailors and firemen.

They have their agents. Some of them keep antique shops, where fashionable women drive up in motor cars, and in darkened parlours talk of jade and porcelain — and buy cocaine.

They have their agents who get up "dope-parties" in specially hired furnished houses in Mayfair and Belgravia. To them come women, beautifully dressed, of high social position, and indulge, behind locked doors, in orgies of a nameless character—"Billie Carleton" parties, as they are called.

Under the influence of the drug, all modesty and all restraint are abandoned. Women, ruined financially and morally from these debauches, slink back to their homes nervous wrecks till they can arrange another party.

Ladies of title, actresses, and politicians, all have been brought into the net. Then the blackmailer comes on the scene and keeps them enmeshed.

There are many heart-breaking stories of broken victims. The daughter of a clergyman, who sought a stage career, was employed, when out of work, by the "Dope Queen." She compromised herself with an American negro music-hall artist, to whom she bore a child. The man deserted her. She is now back, with her half-caste child, living with a widowed mother in a small Cathedral town in the South of England. She is solitary, a nervous wreck, unable to speak to anyone—without bursting into a flood of tears.

A young woman of a titled family, seduced at one of these parties, to which she was brought by a nurse, was ruined. She lived with a jewel-thief, became a prostitute and vampire, and died in a Buenos Aires brothel.

A young man, son of a millionaire peer, escaped the clutches of the gang. But it destroyed his health—he is now recovering in Australia, and it cost his father £70,000 in repeated attempts to square the blackmailers and avoid publicity of the fact that his son, in a doped condition, had forged a big cheque on a Cabinet Minister.

Scotland Yard cannot be ignorant of the existence of this gang.

Plain-clothes policemen, good at ordinary traffic, are no use for this kind of traffic. They will not catch the people they salute coming out of fashionable hotels.

For a task of this kind experts are needed—who can mix with the fast world without giving the game away.

Until they are secured, the game of beggar-my-neighbour will still flourish in Mayfair, Bohemia and Belgravia.

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified.

Shall He Desert Them?

"I HAVE been married, but owing to differences and faults my wife and I agreed to live apart, during which period I sent her money every week for herself and the two children. After about three years of this I learned that she was about to become a mother, so took the children from her and sent them to the —— Homes, as I had no place to keep them and I could support them without her getting anything. I have been divorced from her on the grounds of misconduct, and I got the custody of the children, who are still in the homes. The trouble is, I have to pay £1 a week to keep them there. I am not working, and the £75 which my divorce cost me has just about cleared me out. Can you advise me of a way that I can get them kept for less, as £1 per week is too much for me to pay, and if I stop the Guardians issue an arrest warrant? I just cannot keep it up, and if clearing out of the country is the only way out of it, I will certainly do it. Their ages are 5 and 3, respectively, and I do not want them, as I have no place to keep them. Is there any place you know of where they could be sent? What about Dr. Barnardo's home? Would they take them, and what are the conditions for that institution? I am not receiving any dole whatever, so you can see that my position is extremely difficult at 28 years of age with these two kiddies left on my hands. Hoping this is plain to you."

"HUMANIST" says: *It is very plain. Having brought two children into the world, and having taken them from their mother, you are now anxious to throw your responsibility upon somebody else, and will, if necessary, clear out and desert them.*

I quite understand your difficulty in paying—it is the same difficulty that thousands of poor fathers and mothers experience. But they do not send their children to the parish. They starve themselves that their children should be fed: they divide their last crusts and give the little ones the clothes from their backs. And that is what I advise you to do. Bad luck will attend you wherever you go if you desert the babies it is your duty to feed. Work for the children and be a man.

What Shall He Do?

"I UNDERSTAND that your ear is closed to no appeals, whether they be for advice or direct assistance; and that those who have done wrong receive no less kindly consideration from you than those who have been unfortunate from no cause of their own. That being so, I lay the following facts before you, and ask only that, if you have no words to offer, my letter to you may be forgotten.

"I am 31 years of age, physically fit, and I think well educated. I was Captain and Adjutant at home; and Captain and temporarily in command of a Siege Battery in France. I saw active service in 1917-18.

"On returning home I took service as political agent to ——, who treated me with the utmost kindness and consideration. But I fell into debt: possibly partly through extravagance, partly through reasons not under my control; and instead of telling him fully my troubles, I pursued various side-lines which failed to succeed. The result you can guess; from debt I passed to dishonesty. Eventually I had to confess these faults, and of course to leave his service. By his kindness no prosecution followed.

"I am not married; I wish sometimes I had been, for I might then have kept straight. On the other hand, I am glad I am not, for the hardship I should have inflicted upon my wife. As it is, my actions have inflicted hardship upon my parents. It is difficult in these times for an honest man to get employment; much more so for one who cannot give references. I can ride, drive, shoot; I am considered a good horse-keeper. I have a good knowledge of office administration and routine and can run anything of the kind. My arrangements as an adjutant were the subject of favourable comment by many officers of rank, whose names I can give.

"But, the stigmas are there. Whatever I may be, I deserve—I am under no illusions as to that. Yet one does not wish to remain down if it be possible to rise again; the question is how?"

"HUMANIST" says:—*Men less favoured than you have made good: men of no education, with the prison taint upon them. You have just got to go on and justify your advantages. Don't be sorry for yourself—don't stand back and contemplate your lost opportunities with a mournful eye. I always tell men in your position that you're better off than Robinson Crusoe was. Don't expect to get dropped into a comfortable billet—you may have to work as a road-mender or a cowman. The point is that, if you've got a white man inside your skin, you're going to hustle for your daily bread, and you're not going to whine because you get corns on your hands. Forget your past—not only the bad of it, but the good of it. Forget that you're a good organiser, and get a job where somebody else does the organising and you do the working. That's all that is necessary to tell a Man.*

Dogged By The Police

"I HAVE served a sentence of nine months' hard labour, and have now been out for twelve months. Since my release I tried my hardest to obtain employment but failed. A few weeks ago I secured a contract which would have meant a real good start for me, but I lacked the necessary capital to carry on. I therefore engaged two men, who, in return for employment, handed me £80 between them. But no sooner did I commence, than the police commenced visiting the workshop during my absence. Not satisfied with this, they have even told a gentleman with whom I am doing business about my conviction. In consequence I am unable to carry on. I have a wife and four children, and another one coming along in a few weeks. Now, is this fair to me, is it giving me a chance? This police officer is trying his utmost to get me into trouble again. What am I to do? This constant hounding down by the police is undermining my health. I have kept my trouble to myself until last week, when my wife could see something was wrong. Any advice you can give will be most acceptable."

"HUMANIST" says: *The police have no right whatever to make it difficult for you to gain a livelihood. If you will furnish us with proof, and can give us a signed statement from the man to whom the police have betrayed you, we will deal with the matter. At the same time, it is better for a man who has been in trouble to be very frank with those who do business with him. It saves a lot of erasion and "hiding up."*

ONE GUINEA will be awarded each week to the reader of what in the opinion of "Humanist" is the best Human Document appearing on this page. This week's winner is "SHALL HE DESERT THEM?"

Why Not Dress Well?

We place within your reach, no matter what your income, the means of being well dressed. We are here to give credit, and if you want credit we want you.

We make a perfect-fitting

OVERCOAT or LOUNGE SUIT on Easy Terms

from **63/-** to measure.

SUPPLIED ON FIRST PAYMENT OF 8/- — Balance 8/- monthly

Our ledgers are full of satisfied customers who have dealt repeatedly with us for years. You cannot have better proof than this that we can satisfy you. Every garment is made specially for each individual customer, and we only employ experienced and skilful cutters and workpeople. You can select whatever style you like and the range of materials available is so extensive that the most fastidious will experience no difficulty in finding the cloth to suit his fancy.

Call if you can at any of our Establishments and get our free patterns and style booklet, or write stating if overcoat or suit patterns are required, and they will be sent free together with our simple self-measurement form.

Cash Discount 2/- in the £

Ladies' Long Coats and Costumes Same Price and Terms.

BENSONS

69, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (corner of Queen Street)
149 STRAND, W.C. (opposite Gaiety Theatre)
57, EDGWARE ROAD, W. (near Marble Arch)
152, FENCHURCH ST., E.C. (opp. Rood Lane)
84 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C. (next to Stadium)
26a GOLDHAWK RD. (nr. Shepherd's Bush Empire)
71, 73, 73a, CAMDEN RD., CAMDEN TOWN, N.W

Benson & Co., Ltd. *Est. 1905.*

BEACON OILSKINS
will keep you dry always

Men's Coats from 12/6, Ladies' from 27/6, Children's from 17/6 (3-year-old size). Adult's Sou-wester 2/6. Long Leggings, 5/6. All guaranteed against stickiness, leakage, or dissatisfaction on money back methods.
Illustrated List Post Free. Send p.c for it to BARBOUR', LTD., 67, Beacon Buildings, South Shields, England.

SEE GREASE DISAPPEAR GRE-SOLVENT IS HERE

Grease and Gresolvent are life-long enemies, just a touch of Gresolvent and cold water, and as at the touch of a magic wand grease, grime and dirt vanish.

GRESOLVENT cleans pots and pans, baths and bowls, lino, paint, marble, etc. Gresolvent is a wonderful cleaner for dirty hands no matter how ingrained they are with dirt or grease. It has the refreshing scent of limes. : Never be without Gresolvent.

In Tins
4½d., 8d. & 1/9
From Grocers, Stores, Garages, Ironmongers, &c.

CLEANS, SCOURS, SAVES HOURS.

GRE-SOLVENT
MILES AHEAD OF SOAP

Impertinent Interviews

by HARRISON OWEN

"I HOPE you won't keep me long," remarked Sir Wyndham Childs anxiously, when the Impertinent Interviewer was shown into his room at Scotland Yard; "I'm not feeling up to the mark. It's this cursed sciatica."

"Sorry" murmured Bertie. "If you take my tip, sir, you'll keep off sweets. Anything with sugar in it, I'm told, is bad for sciatica. Of course, it's about sweets that I've come to see you."

"I don't doubt it," replied the other somewhat testily. "Whom do you wish to see—the Assistant Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, the Deputy Commissioner, or Colonel Sir Borlase E. W. Childs?"

"I understand you are all three," replied Bertie, "so I'm not particular. I suppose you know, sir, that all England is now smiling at the idea of the head of the world's most famous police force allowing his sweet tooth to get the better of his discretion?"

"Damitall!" exclaimed the Colonel, "how the deuce was Sir William Horwood to know that the chocolates were poisoned?"

"He certainly took the quickest method of finding out," remarked the Interviewer. "What would you yourself do, Sir Wyndham, if you were sent something that looked like a bomb? Would you throw it on the fire to see if it exploded?"

"I would—oh, confound it! what's the use of trying to talk when I'm getting twinges in my hip all the time?"

"Very painful, I'm sure," said the visitor, "just as painful, in fact, as it is to the public to know that Scotland Yard is being awarded the merry ha-ha in America and elsewhere."

"And whose fault is that?" "If it hadn't been for your confounded Press gang we would probably have caught the criminal."

"Don't you think that yarn is rather thin?" suggested Bertie. "I can quite understand your desire to hush the matter up, as I don't like being made to look a giddy ass myself. The trouble is that the Chief Commissioner's mistake in making a meal of anonymous arsenic, coming on top of Scotland Yard being burgled, makes it look as if the C.I.D. is not able to take care of itself, much less protect the public."

"Well, what the deuce would you suggest, eh?"

"For a start," remarked the Interviewer, "I would suggest the formation of a special branch, to be called the Chocolate Investigation Department, and would put Sir William Horwood's typist in charge of it. I think, too, that notices should be displayed at the Yard requesting burglars to register their names and addresses before leaving. Furthermore,—"

"I don't want any more, sir," snapped Sir Wyndham. "I don't like the familiar way you address me. I am a soldier, sir, and—"

"Not a Chocolate Soldier, I hope," murmured Bertie.

The Deputy Commissioner rose angrily, but sat down hastily when a sciatica twinge caught him. "I have said all I have to say."

"Just one bit of advice," remarked the Interviewer amiably; "if anybody sends you a box of pills alleged to be an infallible cure for sciatica, take my tip and have them analysed. They *may* be from an affectionate niece, but, on the other hand—"

"Get out!" roared the Colonel.

Bertie "got"!

Printers' Pie . . .

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST" (advertisement): — "AMUSEMENTS. Would any Person who witnessed the ACCIDENT to Mr. —, on Lenton Sands . . . kindly communicate with —?"

"PEOPLE'S FRIEND":—"He stood towering high above her, a FINE FIGURE OF A MAN, and AS BROAD AS HE WAS TALL."

"CUMBERLAND NEWS":—"Hodgson . . . is given a place as centre-three-quarter, while Stamper (Huddersfield) is MOVED INTO THE WORKINGTON WESLEYAN SCHOOLROOM."

"EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH":—"The TWO MINUTES' SILENCE was recognised THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE DAY."

"DAILY MAIL":—The Prince's crutches appeared to give him no trouble and the policemen engaged in MAKING A WAY FOR HIM through the surging crowds had DIFFICULTY IN KEEPING UP WITH HIM."

"BELFAST TELEGRAPH":—"Farmers . . . are complaining of the serious DESTRUCTION OF RATS BY OATS."

"SUSSEX EXPRESS":—"The EVENING SERVICE at the PARISH CHURCH next Sunday will be of the nature of an armistice DANCE."

"BATLEY NEWS" (In Memoriam notice):—"In ever loving memory of a dear mother, ——, OF LARGE SIZE. FRINGED, IN RED, GREEN, BLUE."

A CHANCE FOR FATHER XMAS

Pathetic Appeals from the Little Ones

"MUMMY, will Father Christmas come this year?" The sad-eyed woman shakes her head, and a tear-stream trickles slowly down her cheek.

The older children hush their chatter, and talk in subdued whispers. They are beginning to understand why mother looks so sad.

One of them turns over the pages of a book, staring with big round eyes that do not see the print.

She remembers when Father Christmas came. It was ever so long ago. He walked in on Christmas Eve with a loud jingling of sleigh bells. He was a big, jolly, round-faced figure with a white beard down to his waist, clad in a long, red robe that looked like mother's dressing-gown. He carried a sack and a lot of toys. After he had filled her stocking he tip-toed to the side of the cot and kissed her, and then he put a little woolly lamb in the baby's cradle.

Then there was another Christmas Eve when he came dressed all in dirty khaki clothes, carrying a lot of strange things that rather frightened her. But there were plenty of toys as well, and lots of sweets and good things to eat, and they had such a jolly Christmas, though mother cried a lot when he went away.

"Mummy, will he come?" the little toddler asks again.

"Oh, don't, my precious, *don't!*" cries the woman in an agony, sobbing as if her heart would break.

Father Christmas can never come again. All that is left of his red robe is the scarlet poppies that grow over his grave in Flanders.

The cupboard is bare, and there are holes in the children's stockings that are past mending. Their tattered boots let in the wet, and their feet are blue with cold. They go to bed supperless, and mother sits and thinks and weeps.

There are thousands of homes like this, to which Father Christmas will not come this year.

Yet some of his gifts might be left there—warm woollies for the little ones. Let us play Father Christmas for you.

Send us whatever you can spare for our "Greatest of These" Fund, so that we may brighten some desolate homes this Christmas.

"The Greatest of These——"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

"Chronic Unlucky," 1s. 1½d.; A. M. H. and A. S. H., and Robert, 2s.; Anon., 6d.; "Ex-Service Man," 2s. 6d.; D. and I. K., 5d.; W. E., 2s.; A. T. (Southport), 1s. 4½d.; C. P. G., 12s. 6d.; R. E. W., 4½d.; Anon., 1s. 8d.; Anon. (Westminster), 2d.; Anon. (Burwood), 1s.; "Initial Ninth," 1s.; "Regular Reader," 1s.; "Hopeful," 9d.; Anon., 2s. 1½d.; Miss J. T., 2½d.; "Sailor," 6d.; "Lonely," 1s. 6d.; "Unemployed," 6d.; "Joan," 6d.; H. W. T., £1; C. A. J. M., parcel; "Barbarus," 1s. 7d.; "Bullet Competitor," 6d.; J. I., 6d.; W. J. M., parcel; "Pony," 1s. 6d.; "The Price of an Owl," 9d.; F. D. (Morpeth), 1s.; C. R., 1s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; Anon., 1s.; Anon. (Harrow), 1s. 6d.; "Bulleteer," 6d.; "A Ninth from Manchester," 3s. 1d.; "An Optimist's Ninth," 1s. 6d.; E. B., 1s. 3d.; L. M., 2s. 6d.; "Nancy," 1s. 2d.; M. W., (Kilburn) 1s. 3d.; E. S., 1s.; "One Who Is Right In The Soup," 1s. 6d.; Anon., 2d.; "Nimble Ninth," 2s. 3d.; "A Regular Subscriber," 1s. 4d.; "One Who is Submerged," 4d.; "An Edinburgh Reader," 3s. 6d.; "A Ninth," 5s.; "Flapper's Ninth," 1s.; "A Ninth," 3½d.; "Just a Ninth," 3½d.; "Little Jean's Ninth," 2s. 1½d.; "Ninth," 5s.; A. V., 2s.; "One Ninth," 9d.; "Gas" (Oxon), 2s. 6d.; "A Hopeful Ninth," 1s. 1½d.; "Bristol Ninth," 2s.; H. W. T., £1; "Luck's Out," 9d.; W. R. A. (Edgware), 2s. 6d.; "Helena," 2s.; "Three Niners," 1s. 1d.; "Ex-R.A.F.," 3d.; "Reader of JOHN BULL," 1s.; H. W., 6d.; V. I. A., 2s.; "Two-Nine," 1s. 9d.; "Key," 1s. 1½d.; G. B. (Glasgow), 6d.; R. A., 1s. 1½d.; "Unlucky Mite," 5s. 6d.; W. H. C., 1s. 7d.; "We Three," 1s. 3d.; "Another Ninth," 10½d.; "A Young Maid," 4s. 3d.; "One in Trouble," 1s. 2d.; H. C. W., 1s.; "My Ninth," 6½d.; "My Ninth, J. W.," 2s. 9d.; "The 9d.; R. B., 2s. 4d.; "Ninth," 2d.; B. C. 2s.; "Darlington," 2s. 1½d.; Anon., 7d.; E. J. 5s. 4½d.; "A Poor Widow," 4d.; C. H., 2s. "Two Ninths," 5d.; "Tubby," 6d.; A. M. and H. W. M., 3s.; J. P. H., 4d.; "A Nint 1s.; "A Mother's Ninth," 1s. 2d.; "Ro 9d.; Mrs. M., 2s.; "Wee Ninth," 6d.; "One of Luck and Work," 3d.; J. C. W., 9d.; "Re Reader," 2s.; "Another Ninth," 3s. 6d.; 6d.; "One Ninth," 3d.; Anon., 9d.; and Five," 1s. 2d.; A. S. G., 2s.; "Two Ninths 2s. 2½d.; "A Ninth," (Exeter), 3s. 4d.; "On the Unemployed," 1s. 2d.; "Autumn," 1s. W. M., 2s. 3d.; "1914," 17s. 9d.; "Jud 2s. 9d.; "Another Ninth," 1s. 4d.; Mrs. 1s.; "Spike Shoes," 2d.; "An Invalid's Ni 3d.; "Sunnyside," 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; pare," 1s. 1d.; "Kinder," £2; "A Welsh M 1s. 2d.; "Another Ninth" (Liverpool). "Bunty 99," 1s.; "Ninth" (Worksop). T. H. (Oldham), 2s.; "One Ninth," 1s.; "The Nest," 1s. 4d.; "Three Twenty-seventh 7½d.; "A Ninth," 9d.; C.W. R., 1s. 6d. ing for Luck," 9d.; "A Friend," 1s.; 2s. 4d.; C. E. H., 1s. 6d.; "Hard Up's Ninth 4½d.; "Lucky," 14s.; "Ninth of All Ti 7½d.; "Another Niner," 1s. 7d.; E. R. P. 6d.; "Mom's Ninth," 6d.; A. E. M., 2s. K. M. M., 2s. 8d.; "Shrimpo," 2s. 6d. 1s. 1½d.; J. A. E., 1s. 6d.; "Still Hop 1s. 6d.; E. O. S. (Byker), 9d.; "Curious," "Another Ninth," 1s.; "Ninth" (Rodes 1s. 9d.; "Unemployed" (Eastleigh), 7½d. Belated Ninth" (Glasgow), 5s.; "Sympat £2 10s.; "Two Ninths, A. and D.," 1s. "Small Ninth," 5s.; "Elmo's Ninth," "Lizzie's Ninth," 9½d.; "Unlucky One," 1s. "A Dirleton Ninth," 6d.; "Ninth," 6d. Mary's Ninth," 1s. 1d.; "M.," 1s.; W. N. I. C., 5s.; "517's Ninth," 1s. 9d.; E. B. thamstow), 1s. 6d.; "The Ninth Part," Anon., 6d.; J. E. S., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. M. "Our Bill," 2s. 6d.; "Chorley," 7s. 6d. Ninth" (Norwich), 2s. 8d.; "A Ninth," "King's Cross," 7d.; A. M. and L. K. (Ad combe), 10s.; D. D., 10s.; "Wellwisher's Ninth 1s. 1½d.; A. J. M. (Lambeth), 1s. 6d.; M. F. F. D., £5 16s. 7d.; "Hopeful," 1s. 4½d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

A Ghost you would love to meet.

"I'll bet you a fiver you are dead scared by the morning."

How the bet was won and what transpired in the haunted room of the gabled house is told in a creepy old-fashioned ghost story in the Big Extra Christmas Number of "JOHN BULL," price 6d., out Friday, Dec. 1st.

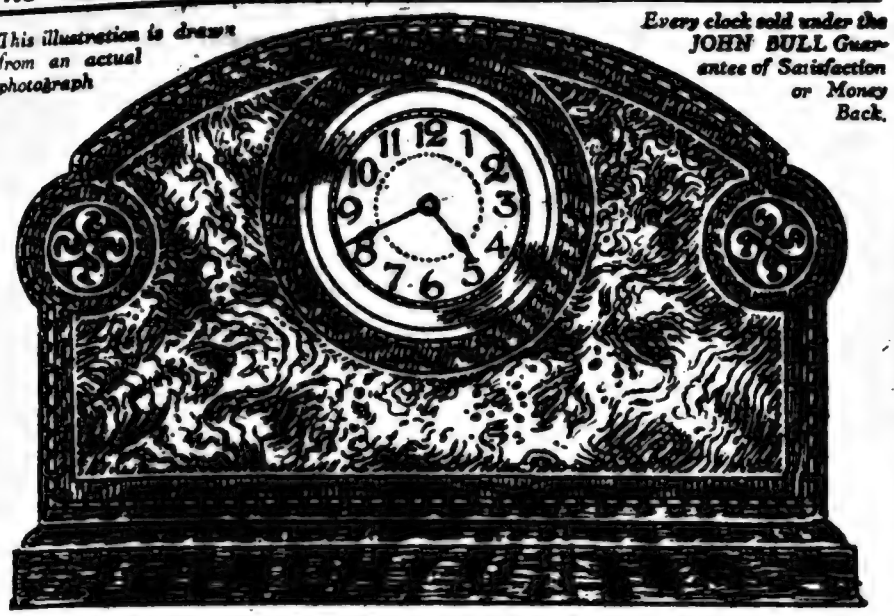
Barry Pain, Hodgson Burnet, Edgar Wallace, Heath Robinson, Leo Cheney, Alfred Leete, are a few of the famous authors and artists who have conspired together in this number to give you a cheery time.

Order your copy to-day.

The Most Amazing Clock Bargain Ever Offered!

This illustration is drawn from an actual photograph

Every clock sold under the JOHN BULL Guarantee of Satisfaction or Money Back.



This Magnificent Timepiece

In perfect reproduction of Inlaid Wood or Marble Case **for only 20/-** *Carriage Paid to the United Kingdom.*

THESE beautiful clocks are perfect reproductions in Art Metal and are absolutely indistinguishable from Real Inlaid Wood or Marble. The cases are perfect in every detail and will retain their pristine brightness indefinitely. There is no possibility of warping or shrinkage. Each is fitted with a reliable 30-hour lever movement clock which is thoroughly tested and regulated.

READ THE SPECIFICATION.

Timepiece 9½ inches high x 14 inches wide. In reproduction Inlaid Mahogany, Figured Satinwood, Figured Oak or Black Marble. Fitted with reliable 30 hour Lever Movement Clock, tested and regulated. Clear White Enamel or Gilt Dial.

Equal in appearance to a Clock costing £7 7s. to £10 10s.

The Advertisement Manager of JOHN BULL has inspected these clocks at our request, and has expressed his entire satisfaction with them, and the remarkable value given.

To secure one of these great Bargains, it is necessary that you POST YOUR ORDER AT ONCE as stocks are limited, and when sold out cannot possibly be renewed at this price. When ordering, state whether you prefer Mahogany, Satinwood, Oak or Black Marble.

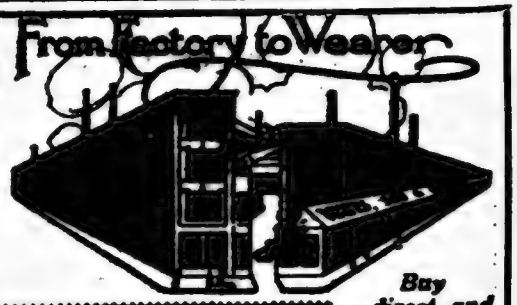
FOR SAFETY.—*All Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "and Co." and Treasury Notes forwarded in Official Registered Envelopes.*

Note only Address:—

Phillips, Henry & Co.,
37, Drury Lane, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: Regent 5251.

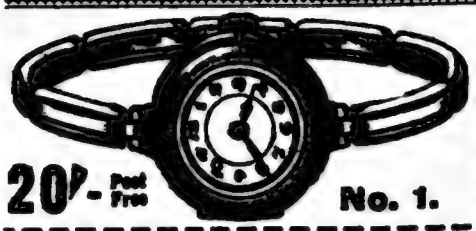
WATCH MANUFACTURERS' RECORD BARGAIN OFFER TO "JOHN BULL" READERS.

From Factory to Wearer



Buy direct and Save Pounds.

THESE WATCHES ARE SOLD UNDER THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE—SATISFACTION or MONEY RETURNED IN FULL.



20/- Post Free

No. 1.

No. 1—GOLD-FILLED BRACELET WATCH GUARANTEED 5 YEARS.

Handsome Gold-Filled Case, Warranted 5 Years. Perfect Timekeeper. High-grade Fully Jewelled Movement. Action timed to a minute a month. Fitted with expanding Bracelet to fit any size wrist. Honestly worth Three Gns. Post Free, 20s. only.

LET THIS BE YOUR GUIDE.—A "John Bull" Reader writes under date of Sept. 14, 1922:—HILLSBOROUGH, SHEFFIELD.—Please forward me a 20/- GOLD-FILLED BRACELET WATCH as in this week's "J.B." advt. I might add I purchased a Gent's Full Hunter from you a few weeks ago and consider it not a speculation, but real sound value for the money. J.W.C.

No. 2.—HANDSOME GOLD FILLED FULL HUNTER WATCH. 20/- Post Free. Guaranteed 5 years.

Handsome extra heavy Gold-Filled Case Guaranteed to stand 20 Years' hard wear. Keyless Lever Movement. Action timed to a minute a month. Doubly protected by Dust and Damp-Proof Case. These Watches cannot be possibly overwound. Post Free, 20s. only.

Open View

To secure these amazing bargains Send your order at once to our

London Office and Showrooms:

WATTS, SON & CO.,
(Dept. J.B.10),
327, Oxford St., London, W.1.

Send post card for Free Catalogue of Watch Bargains.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL—*i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and at the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for patterns, post free, of Overcoats, Suits, Costumes, Jackets, Raincoats, Mackintoshes, etc., or Catalogues of Footwear, Wool Scarfs, Drapery, Ladies' & Children's Clothing, Sheffield Cutlery, Gramophones and Records, Tea & Dinner Services, Bedsteads, Bedding, Sewing Machines, Cycles, Tyres, Carpets and Lino, Poultry & Appliances, etc. Grand system EASY TERMS. J. G. GRAVES LTD., SHEFFIELD.

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

The Standard Remedy For Over 50 Years. Surest and quickest remedy for Catarrh, Ordinary Colds and Asthmatic Troubles. At all Chemists, 4s. 6d. a tin.

Public Support

has enabled us to supply the

SARTOR RAINCOAT

at **20/-** carr. paid.

and although the cost of production has considerably increased of recent months, we intend to show our appreciation of this Public support, and will continue to supply the Sartor Raincoat at 20/- carriage paid, UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE. Applications, however, should be made NOW.

SARTOR RAINCOATS are Tailored from a superb quality Gabardine, fully proofed, and warmly lined. Light in weight, and perfect in Style and Finish. You buy DIRECT, so there are NO MIDDLE PROFITS.

SEND NO MONEY—simply send a postcard for FREE PATTERNS AND STYLE BOOK (Ladies', Gent's, Maids', Youths'), and an accurate Self-Measurement form.

WE GUARANTEE EVERY COAT AND REFUND MONEY IN FULL IF NOT SATISFIED. SEND AT ONCE

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.,
(Dept J.), 53, Oxford Rd., Manchester.

EVERY MAN SHOULD READ

SEXUAL DISEASE

and its Medical Prevention

BY **H. N. ROBSON,**

MEMBER ROYAL COLL. SURG., ENGLAND; LIC. ROYAL COLLEGE PHYS. LONDON.

With cert ftpticns by

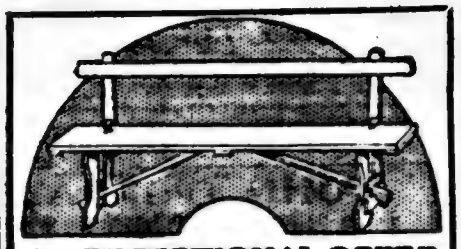
Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE, M.D., F.R.S.;
Sir BRYAN DONKIN, M.D., F.R.C.P.;
Sir G. ARCHDALL REID, M.B., K.B.E., F.R.S.E.

There were 79,000 new venereal cases in England last year; unless Robson's simple instructions are carried out the disease may become epidemic as in the middle ages.

"Robson's book tells you all you want to know—GET IT."—Seymour Hicks.

168 pages. Price TWO SHILLINGS and THREEPENCE net, post free from publisher—

JOHN R. WILDMAN, 158, Fleet St., London



AN EXCEPTIONAL OFFER

CATERERS, CLUB COMMITTEES, CONCERT HALL PROPRIETORS, ETC.

Folding Seats as illustrated, strongly built from the best selected Government surplus material, stained brown and varnished. Size, 6 ft. long, 11 ins. wide and 20 ins. high.

The ideal seat for concert, club or dining rooms. Can be instantly packed into small space when not required. ONLY A LIMITED NUMBER LEFT. SEND NOW.

Price free on rail **12/6 each.**
One doz. lots sent carr. paid.

G. STREET & SON,
(Dept. J.), 14, Wavertree Road, Liverpool.

The Jumping Season

DURING the forthcoming jumping season, I have arranged for somebody who knows the game better than I to tip for National Hunt races. It is a horrible thing to confess, but jumping has little or no fascination for me. It's too darned cold to stand around watching your money in the air. At the same time, I admit that a larger proportion of favourites win over the fences than on the flat—especially at the beginning of the season.

B I want the readers of JOHN BU[illegible]nefit to the fullest extent, I hav[illegible] the best man in Britain to write selections. I believe that other newspapers would do well to do the same. Jumping is a game that requires a specialised knowledge on the part of the writer.

What a rotten year it has been for big race punters! With prices ranging from 100 to 7 to 100 to 1 the books cannot have made a loss on the big races. But they have had it in the neck over the little ones! In fact, very few books, except those of men who bet strictly to figures, show a profit.

Where Bookmakers Lost.

The bookmakers lose on unexpected races. A man who I shouldn't have imagined would take odds to big money, told me he had lost £800 on two races where the winners started at long odds on, and where the market was so weak that there did not seem to be any wagering at all.

Thanks to the Readers.

At the close of my first flat-racing season, I want to say a word or two about the readers of this page. And that word is a word of praise.

Although my free tips show a profit on balance, and I hope will show a very big profit by the end of the season, we have had exasperatingly bad luck. But the racing readers of JOHN BULL have stood up to it with a cheerfulness and good humour that has been fine. I have never had a better lot of sportsmen to deal with.

I want to acknowledge the little gifts which some of them have sent. The value of those gifts has not been great and I have turned the money over to "Humanist" to help him in his noble work for the poor and the troubled, but it is the thought behind these donations that gives me so much pleasure.

The Last Big Race.

At the eleventh hour I have to make a selection for the Manchester November Handicap, and it is not easy, because the filly I have so tremendous a tip for, IRISH BELFRY, is to be started in the Derby Cup, and if she wins her chance in the Manchester affair is blotted out by a 14 lb. penalty. And there is another factor. SPES, my tip for the Derby Cup, may also go, and with a 14 lb. penalty would be a fighting proposition! Yet another horse, SANHEDRIM, if he misses winning at Derby, would be a live candidate.

I must stick to my guns, and, hoping and praying that she will be "pipped" at Derby, give

IRISH BELFRY**

my very confident vote. I shall be writing to all my friends on Saturday with the very latest. There may be some very queer developments here. Some of the horses I have heard about are:—

ORPI: Spread a plate in the Liverpool Cup. Very greatly fancied.

CREVASSE: Within 7 lbs. of Selene, who would win this race in a walk with 8 st. 7 lbs.

SANHEDRIM: In the very best fettle just now. Unlucky at Sandown when beaten by Captain Fracasse.

QUILP: Given to me as THE outsider for the race.

. . . Sports and

THE WINTER GAME

Irlandais was beaten by the distance at Hawthorn Hill. The mare is better over two miles than a longer journey.

Bar Gold may make amends for his Liverpool defeat next time out. He made a bad mistake when looking very dangerous.

It is good to see Frank Brown in the saddle again. After the bad smash he had last season we doubted if this clever amateur would ever ride again.

A recent recruit to the ranks of the "timber-toppers" is Highlander. Evidently hopes are entertained that the Whatcombe cast-off will get back some of his purchase-money at this game.

Clashing Arms is not so good at Aintree as over the "Park" courses. This is not because of any lack of "lepping" ability, but is simply due to the fact that it is necessary to "stand back" at the Aintree obstacles, and the effort expended in doing so minimises the effect of the horse's speed.

J. Hogan, jun., who is likely to be much in the limelight this jumping season, was the recipient a short time ago of as pretty a compliment as we remember to have heard. It came from a brother Knight of the pigskin, who was so impressed by one of Hogan's successful efforts that he was heard to exclaim—"He'd win on a mule!"

—SELECTIONS—

The horses in parentheses after the black letter selection are, in their order, alternative tips if the principal selection is absent.

WARWICK (WEDNESDAY)—

1.0 **Idumea** (Lady Clara, Limosin).
1.30 **Junk** (Finchale, Nettler).
2.0 **Steamer** (Envoy, Golly Eyes).
2.30 **Codford** (Foam).
3.0 **Glastonbury** (Waygood, Pizarro).
3.30 **Bellman**.

MANCHESTER (THURSDAY)—

12.45 **Lady Sleipner** (Orpi, Colindale).
1.20 **Dalblaney** (Bart Snowball, Numa).
1.55 **Leeds United** (Currahacle, Lake Superior).
2.30 **Tishy** (Valley, East Tor).
3.0 **Atiroval** (Su Su, Compiler).
3.30 **Perfectus**.

MANCHESTER (FRIDAY)—

12.45 **Breslane** (Golden Kit).
1.20 **Wild Mint *** (Zoomp, Phat).
1.55 **Sir Greysteel** (Shady Lake, Red Rock).
2.30 **Kinsman** (Shrove, Wonder).
3.0 **White Bud **** (Proconsul, Time).
3.30 **Tomatin**.

MANCHESTER (SATURDAY)—

12.45 **Royal Alarm** (Set Off, Lady Sleipner).
1.15 **Impertinent** (Hunting Song, D'Amade).
1.50 **Polista** (Pere la Cerise, Under the Rose).
2.30 **Crevasse**, each way.
3.5 **Maingaff** (Eggesford, Wasp).
3.20 **Franklin**.

LINGFIELD PARK (SATURDAY)—

1.0 **Valparaiso** (Overseer, Anitra's Dance).
1.30 **Daddy's Pet** (Potent, Take All).
2.0 **Benefice** (Poor Tom, Zephyr).
2.30 **Highbrow** (Sailor Son, Lady Diana).
3.0 **Wonder**.

SOME HORSES.

PERRY HILL (7 years, T. Leader).—This horse, albeit of little account on the flat, is useful over hurdles, and being forward in condition may win a race during the early part of the illegitimate campaign.

SQUARE DANCE (15 yrs., Gooch).—Although looking as if he would have been all the better for another gallop or two, this old fellow ran remarkably well in the Grand Sefton. The veteran should win another race or two.

OLD TAY BRIDGE (8 yrs., H. Lines).—Quite recovered from the mishap he met with last spring, this horse is moving in his best form once more, and he will require a lot of beating in steeplechases over three miles or thereabouts.

JOHN CHEEK (9 yrs., Young).—This old plodder worked well enough at Hawthorn Hill, and was beaten merely through lack of speed. Kept to the selling-plate class he will win races.

MILE END (7 yrs., F. Gilbert).—It was lack of condition rather than anything else which caused this horse to knock under to Cavalier at Liverpool. He is likely to make amends for this defeat during the next week or two.

ZARANE (8 yrs., Butchers).—One of the most genuine animals in training, this mare is worth special attention for long-distance hurdle races. She never knows when she is beaten.

FAIRFIELD (6 yrs., D. Harrison).—This horse was jumping in fine form when he slipped up at a minor fence at Aintree. He should certainly win in his turn.

ULYSSES (4 yrs., F. Hartigan).—It has been decided to turn this horse's attention to "timber-topping," and judging by the way he shapes at the game his experienced trainer should have little difficulty in converting him into a winner.

DOUBLE RED (5 yrs., Faulkner).—This curiously-tempered animal has quietened down considerably under the care of his present trainer, and can now be relied upon to give his running.

EGYPTIAN EAGLE (3 yrs., T. Leader).—A constant source of disappointment on the flat, this gelding is having his attention turned to the jumping business, and we learn that he shapes like a winner at no distant date.

ROWLEY MILESTONES.

Keep off Town Guard until Derby Day.

* * *

Galanté e. may yet be the best of his year.

* * *

Idumea and Americus Boy are next year's champion sprinters.

* * *

Apologies to Idumea. She isn't a jade, though she *does* switch her tail.

* * *

It is easier to change your trainer than to change your luck.

* * *

Sangot will win a race over the jumps.

* * *

ANSWER.

TOMMY (Pad.).—A "second string" may be pulled to allow an owner to win with the horse he has declared. Stables cannot "declare to win."

Keep your Boys at HOME

15/- DOWN brings you a 6 ft. 4 in. **RILEY 'HOME' BILLIARD TABLE**

Install a Riley "Home" Billiard Table in your home. Send 15/ now and you will receive the perfect 6ft. 4in. size "Home" Billiard Table, complete with accessories (Cash Price £12 10 0) on SEVEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL. If you are not satisfied, you may return it. If you keep it you pay the balance monthly whilst you play. There are various sizes at proportionate prices. RILEY'S "COMBINE" BILLIARD and DINING TABLES supplied from 42/-, or in 12 or 20 monthly payments. Tables sent carriage paid to any address within 1 mile of any railway station in United Kingdom.

Write Now for Price List

Riley's are the largest makers of Full-Size Billiard Tables in Great Britain. Write for particulars. Estimates Free for all repairs and accessories.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd. Duke Works, ACCRINGTON

London Showrooms (Dept. 1), 147, Aldersgate St., E.C.

Established 25 Years.

MESSRS.

WHITE, FISHER & CO.,

144M, West Regent Street, GLASGOW.

FOOTBALL

(Credit only)

NOTHING BARRED

Six Leagues to select from

WRITE FOR COUPONS

RACING

AS USUAL.

OLYMPIA. STAND 145.

JOHN O'GROATS to LAND'S END.

A BRITISH RECORD ON A **26 Guinea**

1¾ H.P. McKenzie Motor Cycle.

Completed Oct. 5th, 1922, and Awarded an A.C.U Certificate.

Machine selected at random from stock, checked and trial observed by official of Auto Cycle Union. Total distance, 831 miles. Actual running time, 43 hour, 56 minutes. Average speed, 18.20 m.p.h. Only failures—Ascents of two Scotch Freak hills—due to machine being new and stiff at commencement of run. Climbed Grampian Mountains and the Shap ascent without pedal assistance at approximately 15 m.p.h. The only motor cycle, irrespective of make or price, to ever accomplish the End to End run as a standard production machine.

Suitable for Lady or gentleman.

Send for free Illustrated Catalogue and Specifications of 1923 Models to your nearest Agent, the leading London Stores, or McKENZIE, Service Depot, 220, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

RH

Sportsmen by ROWLEY MILE

THE BALL GAME

Tipping Draws.

The most difficult thing to forecast in football is a drawn game. Our expert tipped 10 in his selections for November 11, and he was correct in five instances.

Real Brothers.

It is nothing out of the way for two brothers to play in the same team, but it is to see them operating together, as are the Duncans on Leicester City's right wing. I heard early on that the City had made a hit when they got the Duncan boys from Raith Rovers, and there is now no doubt about it. James has scored a heap of goals, and Tom seems now firmly established in the first team.

Bristol Revival.

Bristol fans are very sweet on the chances of the City winning the Southern Section Championship—and more unlikely things have happened. Young Fairclough, who used to play for Manchester City and Southend, has found some brilliant form this season, and he is one of the best centre-forwards in the Third Division.

Is This True?

I am told that Harland, the Irish international goalkeeper, now with Everton, is just as good a forward as a goalkeeper. I don't think Everton are likely to give him the chance of proving the assertion. He is much too good between the posts to justify such an experiment, and he has apparently come to stay as Everton's first choice in goal. I never doubted this.

Good Young 'Un.

Williamson, the young North End half-back, is earning golden opinions from good judges. I believe he went to Preston as a forward, and it was a happy move on the part of someone to try him as a half-back. He is a very crafty player, and North End are delighted with his success.

Bumping Barson.

Frank Barson is finding Second Division football very trying. He gets more bumps than he did in the First Division, for the average Second Division forward is more tearaway than the man in the top class. Frank is nevertheless proving a great capture for the United, and on recent form he ought to walk into the England team—especially as Wilson does not get any better.

Very Cheap.

Surprising that Bradford City and Leeds United should let Manchester United step in and secure Goldthorpe. They thought in Yorkshire that he was crocked, but he is made of the right type to recover, and the United have been very fortunate to get a ready-made centre-forward without paying a penny in transfer fee.

Mixture Needed.

Why does not the F. A. Selection Committee experiment with a mixed amateur and professional side for the International with Wales. We used to have a powerful side when the Corinthians contributed toward the forward line, and even if there are no Fosters and Harrises about just now, there are two or three of the unpaid who are well worth thinking about. Our defence, however, should be exclusively professional.

What's the Matter?

What's the matter with the Wolves in these days? When I lived for a year at Wolverhampton they had a team which included only one man who had been paid for. That was Baddeley, an International goalkeeper, and he cost only £60. Now we find the Wolves forced to import such made and expensive players as Fazackerley and Brewster. Surely the material in the Black Country has not dried up altogether. Everybody there could kick a football in my time.

Prodigality.

If any side is prodigal with goal-scoring chances it is the Arsenal. They have not a single forward bar White—who has been able to play in only one or two games this season—who has any sense of direction or power, and the new centre, Roe, is not exactly assisting towards the solution of the centre-forward position. He wants experience, and a lot of that won't make him a top scorer.

Not Overpaid.

Some professionals who think they do not get paid enough would say things if they had the experience of Arthur Hutchins, the Arsenal full-back. When with a now defunct Southern League club his remuneration for one fortnight was six shillings and ninepence—and all paid in copper! Hutchins has a host of good football stories, and all of them true. At least, he says they are. He used to be in the Navy and is breezier than Beatty.

FORECASTS FOR NOVEMBER 25

(Nap Selections in black type.)

Home Winners.

Notts F., **Blackburn R.**, Cardiff, Everton, **Middlesbrough**, Newcastle, Oldham, **Barnsley, Blackpool**, Coventry, Manchester U., **Port Vale**, Wednesday, S. Shields, Aberdare, Bristol R., **Northampton**, Norwich, **Plymouth, Queen's P.R.**, Reading, Swansea, Ashington, **Crewe**, Durham, **Nelson, Stalybridge, Wigan**, Wrexham, Airdrieonians, **Celtic, Hibernians**, Motherwell, **Raith R.**

Away Winners.

Sunderland, Burnley, **Leicester, Notts C.**, Darlington, **Falkirk, Aberdeen, Rangers.**

Draws.

Aston Villa v. Liverpool, **Bolton** v. **Manchester City**, Bradford C. v. Derby, **Clapton** v. **West Ham**, Brighton v. Swindon, Luton v. Watford, **Millwall** v. **Bristol C.**, Halifax v. Chesterfield, Walsall v. Grimsby, **Morton** v. **Dundee**, Alloa v. Ayr.

Suggested Coups.

8 Home:—Blackburn R., Barnsley, Port Vale, Plymouth, Stalybridge, Nelson, Wigan, Celtic.

6 Away:—Sunderland, Falkirk, Aberdeen, Rangers.

3 Home, 2 Away:—Barnsley, Nelson, Wigan, Notts C.

2 Draws:—Clapton O. v. West Ham, Millwall v. Bristol C., Morton v. Dundee.

1 Home, 1 Away, 1 Draw:—Port Vale, Rangers, Millwall v. Bristol C.

JOHN BULL "Star of Fortune" £500 Prize Puzzle.

John Bull's Footballers

No. 10.—A. GRAHAM (Arsenal).

QUITE a lot of Scotsmen come into England to play football, and, incidentally, pursue the national quest for cash, but not a large proportion of them stay here for the whole of their careers.

So far, Alec Graham has not returned beyond the Border. He came down to Plumstead, where the Arsenal used to live until they made a social rise, and he has been with the London club ever since, although differences between himself and the Arsenal executive nearly led to a separation when last season ended.

When Alec brought his powerful accent to London, he was a centre-forward, and it was some time before he took up the pivotal position and began to develop into the best centre-half in the ranks of England. Two seasons ago Scotland asked him to play against Ireland, and Graham would probably have been capped again last season had not the parlous position of his club prevented a journey North for a trial game.

Graham is not one of the rushing and unceasingly industrious centre-halves who seem to be here, there, and everywhere, but who yet accomplish far less than appears on the face of it. An opponent very seldom finds Graham out of position. An infallible instinct tells him where the ball is going, and he is usually there first.

In a close tackle Graham is a hot favourite to come through with the ball. Another thing he is clever at is pivoting round when barred from going one way, and I have rarely seen him lose the ball when attempting this.

Another Graham asset is his capacity to deliver with the utmost accuracy the win-through pass to his inside-forwards and the long one to his wings. Not three centre-halves playing can send the ball out to the touch-line with the true pace and direction of that of Graham.

Most of his work is, however, done with his left foot. Were his right similarly effective, Alec would be a very great player indeed. And what a punch his left boot has when he takes a "dip" at the net from a free kick near goal. And I have seen him take many a kick from the "spot," but not only he has never failed to score, but I doubt if any of the goalkeepers concerned ever saw the ball.

Next week: A. Wilson (Middlesbro').

CLARNICO

A worthy companion to Lily Caramels

CLARNICO LILY BRAZILS

THE NEW CONFECTION.

A blend of two popular favourites—selected Brazil-nuts and a Clarnico Caramel of a quality, flavour and texture never previously attained. You must taste them to realise their deliciousness.

Per 8d. ¼ lb.

Of Confectioners—everywhere.

CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS, LTD., Victoria Park, London
Founded in 1872.

LILY BRAZILS

Mothers! do this—

When the children cough, rub Musterole on throats and chests

There is no telling how soon the symptoms may develop into croup or even worse. The clean, white Musterole ointment, made from oil of mustard, gives prompt relief and prevents more serious troubles. It does not blister.

As first aid, Musterole is excellent. Thousands of mothers know it. You should keep a jar ready for instant use. It is the remedy for adults, too. It relieves sore throat, bronchitis, tonsilitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, colds on the chest. No padding or wadding, which lessens resistance to colds, is necessary. As Musterole is highly concentrated, only a small amount (less than a penny's worth) is needed at each application.

Of all chemists; a 2/6 jar often lasts a family for months.

THOS. CHRISTY & CO.,
4-12, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4.

MILLER'S
MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER

TOO MUCH ANXIETY.

People who are "All Nerves."

The sort of thing which specialists speak of as nervous debility is the run-down condition that follows overwork and the many anxieties that people have to face. The sufferers find themselves tired, morose, and low-spirited, and unable to keep their minds on anything. Any sudden noise hurts like a blow. They are full of groundless fears and cannot sleep at night. In addition, the hands tremble, the legs feel as if they will give way, and the mind is perturbed by the most trivial incidents.

Doctoring the nerves with poisonous sedatives is a terrible mistake. The only real nerve tonic is a good supply of new rich blood.

Therefore, the treatment for neurasthenia, nervousness, and run-down health is Dr. Williams' pink pills, which make rich red blood. The revived appetite, improved spirits and new strength which come after a course of these pills will delight every sufferer.

Begin a course of Dr. Williams' pink pills now. Of chemists; or from address below, 3s. 0d. per box, post free. Good for men and women too.

Write to-day to N.N. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, for copy of an instructive booklet, "All About Your Nerves." It is quite free.

FURS
AT REAL
BARGAIN PRICES.

Owing to rebuilding of our Regent St. premises our enormous stocks of Beautiful Furs must be cleared. The finest selection in London to choose from. Inspection invited or a postcard will bring illustrated Catalogue.

THE WHOLESALE FUR CO.,
143, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.
Showrooms on first floor

MONEY FOR THE MILLION

by Our Financial Editor

General Improvement.

Markets did not wait for the result of the General Election before recovering their equanimity, but began to go better all round on the eve of the polling. They seemed to have made up their mind that Labour had no chance of being asked to form a Government, and that, even if it had, the experience of Switzerland in regard to the proposal for a Capital Levy would knock on the head any such scheme in this country. So the improvement in markets was general and pronounced.

Eagle Preference.

I advised my readers to buy Mexican Eagle 7 per cent. Preference shares when they were about £1. At present they are about 18s. 6d., after deduction of the half-yearly dividend. At that price they should be picked up for keeps. They are bound to go higher. No one should be alarmed by the depression, which has been common to all markets and particularly pronounced in Oils.

A Vickers Investment.

Sheffield and its industries are reported to be upon the mend, which emboldens me to draw attention to the great firm of Vickers, Ltd. The Ordinary shares (£1) may be bought at about 14s. and the 5 per cent. Preference at about 17s. The market has already begun to show an interest in these securities and I think the market is right. Of course the Ordinary are speculative but I find that a lot of my readers prefer that.

Lockharts.

Until the other day it looked as if there was to be keen competition for the business of Lockharts, Ltd., and the shareholders, in defiance of their chairman's advice, took an independent attitude, with the result that the Aerated Bread Co. withdrew its offer for the shares, leaving the proprietors merely in possession of a somewhat shadowy offer from the J.P. Restaurants, Ltd. This offer also has now been withdrawn and I expect to see the A.B.C. come out on top after all.

Penny-in-the-Slot.

The British Automatic Co., which owns most of the penny-in-the-slot machines we see on the railway stations, is paying 10 per cent. again on its £400,000 of capital, but there is no 2½ per cent. bonus this time, as there was in 1920 and 1921, the profits having fallen successively from £82,000 to £71,181, and now to £59,158. There is a reserve fund of nearly £130,000. This is sound finance. The chairman is the sonnet-singing accountant, Sir G. A. Touche, Bart.

Off the Reel.

The wise man invests in something that is quickly consumed and must be replaced—say, soap, tobacco, food, or drink. Look at J. & P. Coats, who supply the world with cotton. Its net profits in 1920 were £4,164,894; in 1921 they fell to £2,172,448; and, this year, they have recovered to £3,270,913. Such fluctuations leave the dividend undisturbed at 17½ per cent. The directors claim that most of the profits are made abroad, but the British housewife would like her reel of thread to cost her less.

Half Commission.

The London Stock Exchange is agitating itself again over the division of commissions between its members and the banks who send them orders on behalf of clients. It is a dispute which scarcely concerns the public, who have to pay the commission in any case, and can remain indifferent as to how it is cut up. Many provincial brokers do not share their commissions, but it is the custom in London. Even the Public Trustee is not ashamed to claim the half-commission for his department.

Drawing the Long Bow.

Amongst companies which look like justifying their existence, I number Low Temperature Carbonisation, a concern which owns patents for extracting essential oils and gases from coal, while leaving a residue of smokeless fuel. The £1 7 per cent. Preference shares can be bought for about 4/1½. They are non-cumulative as to dividend, but they have participating rights. Supposing the company turns the corner and pays the 7 per cent. on these shares, the distribution would be more than 30 per cent. on the present price. It is a speculative long-shot, but I rather like it.

Bubbles.

A tempting security is Lever's 8 per cent. cumulative A Preference shares of £1 each, which may be bought just under par. There is a fine free market, the dividend is safe, and the price is more than likely to go higher. No one can make a mistake in putting a few of these eggs in his basket.

Mark, Learn and Digest.

An enterprising vacuum-cleaner company is broadcasting German marks amongst prospective customers as a means of drawing attention to its services. To such a condition has the currency of a once proud Empire fallen! At the moment of writing you can buy nearly 35,000 marks for one good British Bradbury.

Not for Pussyfoot.

Browsing through the Official List in search of cheap securities, I came across Style & Winch, the Maidstone and Chatham brewers. This company is quite prosperous, yet its £1 Ordinary shares can be bought at 22s., its 5 per cent. Preference at 13s. 6d., and its 4 per cent. Debentures at 66. I can't see anything wrong with any of them, and I think they ought all to rise.

The Case of the "Antonios Stathatos"

A Lesson for Exchange Gamblers

HERE is matter for a little sermon on financial stability. Last May the Hamburg-Amerika liner *Furst Bulow* rendered salvage service in mid-Atlantic to the Greek steamer *Antonios Stathatos*, whose rudder had been smashed in heavy weather.

In the Admiralty Division the other day the German line claimed payment for its assistance, and Mr. Justice Hill made an award of £4,200.

Two points emerge:—First, that the Germans are returning to civilisation on the high seas; second, that the award, translated into German money at the current rate of exchange, viz., 35,000 to the £, amounts to close upon a hundred and fifty million marks. It would not, therefore, appear that the Germans are so far returning to civilisation on land.

Before the war a British sovereign was worth about 20 marks; to-day the Germans are ready to give 35,000 marks for it. British and American people began buying marks soon after the conclusion of the war, paying £1 for 100 or so, in the belief that Germany would in time come round and redeem its paper money at 20 to the £. Even to-day, after the continuous and sensational slump, some foolish people still consider marks worth buying. They may be worth holding because it is not worth while to sell. Only last week an inquirer asked JOHN BULL how best to recover £250 he had invested in marks in a German bank before the war. Those marks to-day are worth about half-a-crown.

The printing presses of Germany are hard at work rolling out more thousands of millions of marks every day to keep pace with the demand caused by the constant advances in the cost of living in the Fatherland.

The marks held by British and Americans are returning to Germany at an enormous loss to the British and Americans and a corresponding profit to Germany.

Whoever buys marks is being deliberately diddled by the Hun, and so I say that whatever civilisation Germany may be showing on the seas she is certainly not returning to it on land.

10/- Monthly

49% CASH

to all you pay for a superbly made Mead Gramophone with massive solid oak cabinet cyzantic richly coloured horn, extra large motor and musically loud Sound Reproducer, sent carriage paid on 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL (with 4 tunes). Exquisitely designed Portable Horn-less and Table Grands at 40 per cent. below shop prices. Write for illustrated art catalogue

Mead

Compy. (Dept. 667) Birmingham.

Try this Accordion

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED.

15/3

Really good instrument. 3 sets reeds; 3 acting stops; long bellows; rich organ tone. Highly finished. Post 1/- to us since 1914 Hundreds of testimonials. Tutor 3/-.

SPRUS SALES

SPRUS SAL & Co. (Dept. 111), Redcliffe St. BRISTOL

CATALOGUE FREE

Who would be a Mother?

With a tight hand on the purse-strings and the kiddies needing no encouragement to kick out the soles and heels of their boots—who would be a mother? The only way to kill the expense is to repair their boots and shoes with Selfsole.

Selfsole is a plastic leather compound not a liquid glue. Applied at night in "PUTTY" form, it solidifies and is ready for wear LIKE LEATHER in the morning.

Selfsole is also an article of real general utility and is used for repairing holes in pots, pails, baths, etc. Also for mending worn lino, leaky radiators, filling cuts in motor tyres, etc. In fact it has literally hundreds of uses.

Obtainable from all Domestic Stores etc.,

Get a tube to-day. Send P.O. 1s. 6d. for large sample tube, or two tubes 2s. 9d. post free.

The Selfsole Co.

(Dept. B.1), 153, Fleet St., London, E.C.4.

Wholesale and Retail enquiries invited.

Selfsole

Made in a Minute

The Kynaston Method

is proving daily that the knife is used without reason. Operations on

ENLARGED TONSILS AND ADENOIDS

are always dangerous and frequently useless. They are repeatedly followed by death. Lt.-Col. Kynaston is fighting the children's battle. His advice on any form of Catarrhal trouble is available if you will write (enclosing loose stamp) to:—

Dr. KYNASTON'S INSTITUTE, Sicilian House, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

Dare I Marry?

THOSE who have at *any* time suffered from Venereal Diseases should consult a doctor before marriage. This can be done at the nearest hospital Clinic. If you do not know the address apply to the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 34a, Avenue Chambers, Vernon Place, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

Everyone should possess the "Welfare Library" (7 books on social subjects). 1/3 post free.

Agonizing Itching

Itching skin is caused by acid in blood. To cure, expel it and nourish blood with

HOOD'S MEDICINE

For Blood, Stomach, Liver, and Kidneys, 14 Herbal Ingredients (named on bottle). Liquid or Tablets. Of Chemists 2/6, 5/-, 8/6

SPECIAL OFFER.—The Proprietors have so much confidence in Hood's Medicine that they offer readers of JOHN BULL who need an intelligent blood tonic Six Days' Trial Tablets and a copy of Hood's Home Doctor Book (160 pages) for One Shilling. Address: C. I. Hood & Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.21), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PHILLIPS RUBBERS

Worn by Millions.

Treble Wear

COMPETITORS

YOU MUST HAVE THE BOOK OF NOTIONS.

PAY AFTER YOU WIN!

A HUNDRED DOUBLE-MEANING SUGGESTIONS IN 10 MINUTES.

THERE is absolutely NO LIMIT to the number of smart efforts you can evolve with this Masterpiece work. NOTHING JUST LIKE IT has ever been published before. You can take any phrase in any Competition and turn to the subject that the phrase suggests and you get at once a number of witty, humorous or double-meaning suggestions that will assist you to

EASILY MAKE EXCELLENT LINES WITH WINNING CHANCES.

"NOTIONS" will give you a new interest in Competitions!
"NOTIONS" will give you a new hope!

PAY AFTER YOU WIN.—The publisher feels sure that all who use the "Book of Notions" will win prizes, and he now makes an offer to send the Book absolutely Free of Cost upon you promising to pay AFTER YOU WIN A PRIZE. Just write as follows (a post-card will do):—"Please send me a copy of your book NOTIONS. I agree to send you 1s. 6d. as soon as I have won a Prize by its aid." Sign your name and give address clearly. Write to-day as the Edition will soon be exhausted.

A. L. SAWYER, 9, Priory Park Road, Kilburn, London.

£10,000 in Cash

Grand FOOTBALL BALLOT

What is your Ideal Team?

1st Prize	-	£5,000	2	Prizes of	£250
2nd „	-	£2,000	3	„ „	£200
3rd „	-	£1,000	3	„ „	£100
4th „	-	£500	2	„ „	£50

All the above will be paid in cash.

TICKETS 5/- EACH.

TICKETS 5/- EACH.

Two Competitors may enter on one ticket but only one name should appear on coupon below—

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO:—

Every ballot ticket contains a selected list of the most famous players of to-day in their respective positions from Goal to Centre Forward, and you are asked to record your vote for the eleven players which in your opinion, would combine to make the ideal Team.

Full directions given on every ticket.

The entire Competition will be supervised by a recognised firm of Chartered Accountants and an Insurance on behalf of the prize winners has been effected with Underwriters at Lloyd's.

A Special Extra Prize of £5,000.

Up to £5,000 of the proceeds of the Competition beyond the prizes and expenses will be paid to Charities named on the coupon and every Competitor can vote for the Charity he or she prefers.

The Closing Date of this Competition will be announced shortly.

AGENTS WANTED—APPLY AT ONCE.

---.DON'T DELAY.----POST COUPON TO-DAY.---

To THE GRAND FOOTBALL BALLOT
(Messrs. Davies & Partners, Ltd.),
Walter House, Bedford Street, London, W C. 2.

Please send me.....Football Ballot Papers, for which I enclose Treasury Notes / Cheque / Money Order / P.O. for .....

Name (block letters)..... .....
(Please write in ink.)

Address .....

.....

Cheques, M.O.'s, and P.O.'s to be made payable to DAVIES & PARTNERS, Ltd.

John Bull's Letter Bag

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS, as they are liable to be mislaid.
Replies by post will be sent whenever possible.
LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding in the men who conduct the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

L. F. (N.W.).—"The Turk is discontented." Audited and found correct.

S. W. H. (Salop).—"Will England ever turn 'Red'?" No, its population is not sufficiently "green."

POOR WOMAN'S MITE.—Certainly we will pay carriage on clothes you send to our "Greatest of These Fund."

J. A. P. (Wimbledon).—"I'm taking the liberty, as an old reader, to have a little moan." Carry on, but don't get too close to our ears.

A. H. (Jarrow-on-Tyne).—"Any man or woman who did not vote ought to be fined £10." It would certainly help the Exchequer a little.

S. B. (Kettering).—"I see that Rugby R. D. C. are getting cheap labour through people being unemployed just the same as here." A mean advantage.

BOXER (Mile End).—"It is quite right that the fight between Beckett and Siki should be banned." Agreed. Siki isn't even a coon—he's an aboriginal savage.

J. C. R. (Portsmouth).—"What absolute nonsense, stopping the Beckett-Siki fight!" See answer above.

JUSTICE (Finsbury Park).—"Certainly *now* there is one law for the rich and one for the poor." Hundreds of our readers seem to hold the same opinion.

R. W. (Battersea).—As you say, the man who made poppies and sold them at 3 for 2d. on Armistice Day for his own benefit ought to choke at his next meal.

MRS. S. (Blackburn).—1864 pennies are worth £7 15s. 4d. for the same reason that 1922 pennies are worth £8 0s. 2d. It's just a matter of simple arithmetic.

M. F. (Fife).—"It was the status of the victims and not of the criminals that determined the fate of True and Jacoby." Mr. Shortt could never be persuaded to admit it.

P. V. (Haslemere).—You can obtain full details concerning emigration to Australia by applying to the Agent General, Australia House, Strand, London.

S. L. (Leeds).—"Could you inform me how matters stand with regard to the light heavyweight championship." We hesitate to interfere with the opinions of several pugilists who are training specially to settle the matter.

FIFER.—"I have in my possession some stamps to commemorate the Queen's Jubilee 1837-1897. Are they worth anything?" Any stamp dealer will tell you.

FANNY G. (Leeds).—"I should love to be introduced to you." Fan, give over!

R. S. (London).—"Would you inform me if Lloyd George has ever represented the Labour Party?" He has not—yet.

PADDY (Dublin).—"I am in a tight corner. Can you get me out?" Certainly, send us the address of the corner.

L. J. B. (Bradford).—"What dirty water could be thrown in any Government's face!" 'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true.

TWO PARENTS (Leicester).—"Don't you think that five is too early to send a child to school?" Yes and no. (Choose which you like.)

G. N. (India).—Asks us to thank readers who so generously answered the appeal of the 40th (H) Battery R.F.A., in India, for books and papers.

LESSUDDEN.—Non-members of the British Legion have received assistance from that body. But their motto is "Unity."

GRATEFUL READER (Newcastle).—"You are doing more than all the politicians to reduce unemployment." Son, you've said it.

S. ROGERS (Shoreditch).—We agree that every secretary of a slate club is not a defaulter. But the difficulty is capturing the potential defaulters before they empty the till.

BETTY OF ENGLAND.—"Write me a dozen letters and I will give you——" Steady there, Betty, steady!

E. E. P. L. (Hampstead).—"I was examined the other day by the head of the Education Dept. L.C.C., who had never heard of the Straits Settlements." It is rather a long way off, isn't it?

SPIRITUALIST (Notts.).—"Surely you must know that men like Lodge, Barrett, Wallace, Richet, Flammarion, Crooks, etc., etc., would not waste their time—" We sincerely hope not.

ORGANIST (Birmingham).—"The modern craze for syncopated music is a certain sign of decadence." And yet the war was won on "Tipperary" and a few other jolly old rags.

HON. J. X. (Kensington).—"Your paper is deliberately pandering to the lower orders." It doesn't seem to please you, and your intelligence is of as low an order as we remember.

G. A. (Staffs.).—"I should like to ask one question. If a spirit appeared to you and vanished and you recognised that spirit . . . ?" Don't do it my lad. Moderation in everything is a splendid motto.

A. H. C. (Southport).—"Is the Gulf Stream salt?" We haven't drunk any for years.

HOUSEHOLDER (Linlithgow).—"Can I make my landlord pay for a bath?" No, not even if he needs one.

PATRIOT (Woodford).—"The Yellow Peril will soon be at our throats." Have you been staying with Wilhelm?

JOURNALIST (Regent's Park).—"The inventor of the barrel-organ ought to be suitably rewarded." What a savage wish!

PUNTER (Fulham).—"Why cannot we have Sunday race-meetings?" Because the bookmakers must have one day to count their winnings.

PSYCHIC (Kilmarnock).—"I have achieved wonderful results by sheer will-power." Would you kindly will yourself to write a better hand.

SOUTHERNER (Basingstoke).—"Can you tell me the origin and purpose of kilts for Scotsmen?" To keep their legs warm and avoid the heather.

SEEKER AFTER TRUTH (Limehouse).—"Are there really such things as disembodied spirits?" You have broached too big a subject for this page.

R. J. W. (Chiswick).—"I am enclosing a copy of my brochure on 'How to Placate Inexorable Landladies.'" It only succeeded in infuriating us.

H. G. L. (Putney).—"Why should some of the suburbs always be looked down upon?" Because the other suburbs must look down on something.

VOCALIST (Kennington).—"I am forming a male quartette. Could you put me in touch with a good bass?" Any bung will supply you with one or two or even a quartette.

H. G. D. (Edmonton).—"Is there any important difference between Swiss yodellers and British milkmen?" The difference between Tetrazzini and an amorous cat.

TWO FRIENDS (Gt. Yarmouth).—"Was Peter the Painter a great artist or a comedian?" He was a great anarchist and is now Commissary in Moscow.

ALICE S. (Southwark).—"I can type 'Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party' at 120 words a minute. Is this good enough to get me a job?" Yes—with the Labour Party.

FATHER OF TEN (Bacup).—They tell me turkeys will be very dear this year." We hope not, but anyway, you can get one for 6d. in "Bullets" this week.

EDMUND P. (Camberwell).—"Do you consider it unmanly to use face powder for shaving?" No: but don't use lip salve.

ANTIQUARIAN (Bletchley).—"When an American says 'for the love of Mike,' to whom is he referring?" Mike Clothesbrush.

F. W. (London, W.).—"My neighbour threatened to half kill me if I didn't vote Labour: is this intimidation?" It sounds to us like gentle persuasion.

ANTI-MARRIAGE (Colchester).—"One wife is bad enough. I wonder what two would be like?" Like three years if you're ever caught.

I. ZYBCOKOWSKI (Fulham).—"For reasons I do not want to go into, I wish to change my name." We almost guess the reason.

READER (Shoeburyness).—"Can you tell me what an 1818 sixpence is worth, George III.?" Sixpence.

OPTIMIST (Haverfordwest).—"This is the best of all possible worlds." We're not so sure that we can contest this statement.

UNDELUDED (Chesterfield).—"If all election candidates kept their promises, how happy we should be!" But how unhappy they would be.

JOCK (Galashiels).—"I simply cannot understand the objection to sending all the Jews back to Palestine." The snag is, Jock, that there's compulsion about it.

BUMPKIN (Holloway).—"People all seem to know I'm from the country, and I can't think why." It must be your interest in the House of Commons.

F. S. (Wigan)—"Is it wise to marry a man who talks about the girl he once loved?" It all depends on what he says about her.

COMMUNIST (Tottenham).—"It would be a good idea to fine everyone who does not use their vote." You ought to be the last person to suggest such a thing.

G. S. M. (Liverpool).—"What you need is some really intelligent correspondents." And the more we look at your letter, the more we realise that you're right, boy.

BUSINESS MAN (London, E.C.).—"If the Post Office is an example of the nationalisation of industry, well——" Sorry you stopped just as you were about to say something interesting.

SUFFERING MALE (Todmorden).—"The interest taken in politics by women is singularly unintelligent." We should like to hear their views on your interest.

NANCY T. (Bedford).—"I am so worried, because twice lately my young man has smelt of spirits." Nancy! You oughtn't to know what spirits smell like.

S. M. P. (Toronto).—Thanks for cutting. It is, however, correct—though unusual—to say that the "discharge of the gun hit somebody." "Discharge" in this case is a noun, meaning the contents of the weapon ejected by the explosion. Most verbs may be used as nouns.

E. V. N. (Barnstaple).—"I was quite fogged by the notion." Quite so. By the way, do you borrow your metaphor from the weather or from the puzzle which is fogging so many people just now—JOHN BULL'S "Star of Fortune" Puzzle?

A. T. D. (Cardiff).—"With many out of work, Christmas presents will be rather scarce." Think so? You will change your tune when you have read JOHN BULL'S Christmas Pen Offer and the chance it gives you of winning £3,000.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Get a JOHN BULL Pen
and win
£3,000
See Page 2.

Warm Hearts and Cold Backs

Many a warm heart beats beneath a shabby coat. Certainly. And many a disappointed one, too. Though a shabby coat isn't an index to character, there may be a lot of blame on it for the disappointed heart and chilled spine.

The man perhaps tried economy; it now tries him. Or he may even have paid a big price and been done.

To make sure of a good coat get it at Stewarts. A King-Tailored Coat has behind it a 40-year reputation for living up to promises. Fine, sound quality cloth; the making all that it should be; the style all that you want it to be; the price the lowest you can pay for a really good coat—and the highest you need pay.

If you don't live near a Stewart Branch, deal by post with Headquarters. Our guarantee covers all risks.

ALL-WOOL COATS 30/- Comfortably-fitting coats of very smart appearance in sound durable All-Wool Cloth of good quality. Reliable Tailoring—satisfaction in every stitch. Low-priced coats certainly, but worthy of a much higher price.

BLUE NAP 50/- A splendid double-breasted coat that is very popular at all our branches. Nap of a superior quality usually restricted to high-priced coats. Splendidly made. Real snug comfort with distinctive style.

GENUINE ALL-WOOL SCOTCH TWEEDS 63/- The Genuine Scotch Tweeds bearing the trade-mark of the Scottish Woollen Association. The coat is cut in a very smart Raglan style, with a carefulness that ensures perfect hanging. A good-looking coat—and every bit as good as it looks.

SUITS TO YOUR MEASURE.

Our ranges of new cloths show in their superb quality and distinctiveness of patterns the Stewart discrimination in buying. The merits of King-Tailoring are nation-known. The Stewart value is supreme.

ALL-WOOL TWEEDS 45/- INDIGO ALL-WOOL BOTANY SERGE 70/-
OTHER FINE CLOTHS AT HANDY PRICES.

PATTERN COUPON.

Cut this out and send to Stewarts Clothiers, Ltd., The King Tailors, Dept. 11, Middlesbrough, for free patterns of suitings and overcoatings. Write your name and address clearly in block letters. Post in unsealed envelope, and use halfpenny stamp.

Name .....

Address .....

STEWARTS

THE KING TAILORS.

130 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT GREAT BRITAIN.

If you don't live in a Stewart Town, write to Headquarters:—

STEWARTS CLOTHIERS, Ltd., The King Tailors ("Dept. 11") MIDDLESBROUGH.

SORE THROAT, HOARSENESS

Night Cough and Catarrh—

Veno's has instant influence upon Sore Throat. It immediately relieves hoarseness and huskiness, it stops the tickling catarrhal night cough, breaks up the phlegm, loosens the catarrh, gives you sleep.

It is made from a wonderful formula—the finest and the most effective in the world. It contains only splendid balsamic essences—no injurious drugs. Children can safely take it, and they like it.

Be sure to ask distinctly for Veno's. All chemists and stores sell it.

Prices 1/3 and 3/- per bottle. Larger size the more economical.

The Cheapest and the Best.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

£300 for "Phrases"

Nothing to Buy or Pay!

The Kingston Toy & Novelty Co.

last year awarded the First Prize of £100 in a similar contest for the following phrase:— Will Win— In all "nurseries" Kingston "Gee-Gees." In order to further aid the company in its future advertising, it wishes to get together more "slogans"— catchy or witty phrases. To make your phrase, select one of the following examples and construct a sentence of three, four, five or six words having some bearing on the phrase selected. There are no letter restrictions.

KINGSTON NOVELTIES	WHAT SCHOOLBOYS LIKE
PLEASES DAD	PA'S XMAS GIFT
AUNTIE BUYS SLIPPERS	CHRISTMAS CHEER
WHEN SANTA CLAUS CALLS	BOY GETS ENGINE
EMPTY PURSES	DAD PLAYS CHESS
FORTUNE-TELLING CARDS SAY	PALMIST TAKES HAND.

THE FIRST PRIZE OF £100 is offered for the best and most original phrase, and there will be 800 CONSOLATION PRIZES of novelties value 5/- each, which will be despatched to the winners before Xmas.

FULL RESULTS will be sent to all entrants, together with particulars of the Company's LATEST NOVELTIES that will appeal to every home this time of the year.

FREE ENTRY COUPON

Write clearly.

I (name) .....

of (address) .....

.....

Enter your Phrase Contest and will abide by your decision as to result

Example Selected .....

My Phrase .....

Address all entries not later than November 30 to "Phrase Contest," Box D, Kingston Toy and Novelty Co., 24, Queen Street, HULL.

"SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING."

Continued from page 3.

ASTHMA.—South African Papers and Cigarettes for the relief and cure of Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, etc. Thirty years' reputation. Liberal sample of each on receipt of 2d. in stamps to the Proprietors, 65, Elizabeth Street, London, S.W.1.

SUSPENSORY BANDAGES self-fitting, 1/6 each, for all Cyclists, Athletes and Pedestrians. Full particulars free. Quality guaranteed.—Lancashire Rubber Co., 36, Chatsworth Street, Liverpool.

STAMMERING, Stuttering. Thorough cure in 40 days. Particulars free.—J. B. Burton, 27a, The Square, St. Annes-on-Sea

SUSPENSORY BANDAGES; highly recommended for athletes, cyclists, etc.; 1/6, post free; better qualities, 3/- and 4/6. Surgical goods of every description at lowest price.—Catalogues sent post free on application to LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL MANUFACTURING CO., LTD. (Dept. B.B.), 90-92, Worcester Street, Birmingham. The World's Largest Manufacturers of Surgical Appliances.

NEW LIFE, Nerve Force, Energy, Vitality. Thyroid "Glandets" never fail. Great discovery. No drugs. Free trial.—Percival, 67, St. Albans.

OVERWORKED NERVES.—If your Store of Energy is lowered by overstrain or illness, send for a convincing trial supply of a wonderful new remedy that acts instantaneously on jaded nerves, restores lost vitality, and strengthens the system. — Enclose 6d. stamps to the Dumoret Laboratories (Box 3), 23, Foubert's Place, Regent Street, London, W.1.

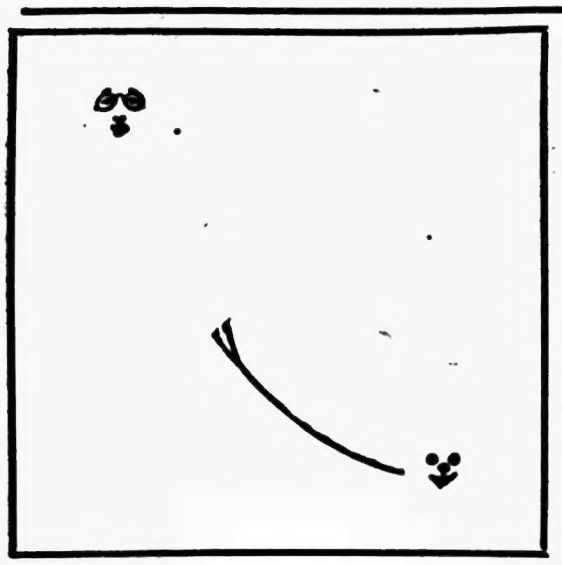
MISCELLANEOUS.

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE?—For immediate advice and assistance on all Business, Financial, Domestic or Accident Troubles or difficulties of any kind, consult Henry Lowe, Beak Street Chambers, 14, Beak Street, Regent Street, W.1.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

HARPIC makes W.C. Bowls a spotless pride, without labour or danger. In tins, 6½d. and 1/5. If your chemist, ironmonger or grocer cannot supply, send his name and address (not sent without) for free sample to Dept. 146, Harpic Company, Avenue Road, London, S.E.5.

VENTRILOQUISM QUICKLY LEARNED from professional by anyone. Particulars free.—Roy Foss, Penarth, Cardiff.



A MYSTERY PICTURE!

What is it? The answer will be found in the "LONDON MAIL" Christmas Number, on sale, next Friday, price 6d.

WHAT JOHN BULL PAYS

Household Benefits.

£300—damage by fire.
£600—death of husband and wife due to fire.
£300—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.
£250 or **£125**—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£100—damage by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.
£100—damage by hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.
£300—damage by aeroplanes, airships or other aerial craft.
£300—damage by riots and civil commotion.
£100—damage by storm, tempest or flood.
£100—damage by lightning, thunderbolt or earthquake.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers.
£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.
£500 or **£250**—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£10—Medical Fees.
£6 per week for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.
£2 per week maximum **rent** during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

Accidents in Home & Garden.

£250—loss of life.
£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes or one limb and one eye.
£125—loss of one limb or one eye.
£3 per week up to four weeks for disablement by fractured limb.
£1 per week (after the first week) up to four weeks for **ALL ACCIDENTS.**

REGISTER TO-DAY!

CUT HERE

J.B. 25 11.22. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS.)
Address .....
.....
Name and Address of Newsagent .....
Date..... .....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A full Policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 25 11.22. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....
Address .....
.....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature .....
Address .....
Date .....

A BRILLIANT SUCCESS

Why Our Insurance Scheme is Breaking all Records

MANY newspapers which undertook insurance schemes for their readers are on the defensive to-day against wholesale criticism and complaint.

On the contrary, those who have adopted the JOHN BULL Home Insurance Policy are writing grateful testimony to us and cordially recommending our scheme to their friends.

Why this difference? The answer is simple. It is because our Insurance Scheme is not like the others, where the insured are handed over to be dealt with by insurance companies, whose interest it is to avoid payment where payment can be avoided by pleading technicalities. In these cases the reader has to fight his way through barbed wire fencing obstacles—with heavy odds that he will never be paid at all.

Our Insurance Scheme is based on an entirely different principle. We do not hand our readers over to expert claim-dodgers. We do not transfer our responsibilities to others. Our object is to meet all legitimate claims—not to avoid them. We pay claims ourselves.

Those who insure with us know where they stand. They are dealing with an established concern, with ten thousand shareholders and an issued capital of a million and a quarter pounds. They get straight dealing and prompt settlements.

It is now thoroughly well recognised that the JOHN BULL Insurance Scheme is different from, and superior to, all others. It stands alone. Well-pleased readers, who have been helped in times of emergency and distress, do not write criticism to us. They send us grateful testimonials like this:

120, Church Street, Whitby,
October 31*st*, 1922.

DEAR SIR,—I received, thanking you, cheque for £10 14s. (Home Accidents), and I must congratulate you on your methods of easy settlement.
Yours truly, A. CARR.

83, Llannyfelach Road,
Dillwyn Square, Swansea.
November 8*th*, 1822.

DEAR SIR,—I received your cheque safely to hand for damage by fire to towels, and beg to thank you for your prompt and fair way of dealing with my case. Yours truly, D. J. JENKINS.

93, High Street,
Nantyffyllan, Near Bridgend,
November, 1922.

DEAR SIR,—Thanks for cheque. It is a "Working Man's Friend." My claim was paid without any quibbling whatever. Yours gratefully, L. BEVAN.

6, Hampden Street,
Harrow Road, Paddington, W.2.
November 11*th*, 1922.

SIR,—I wish to thank you for the Insurance money you sent me for my accident. There was no bother or trouble to get the money.
Yours faithfully, D. BAKER.

THE SHOP WINDOW

NO greater proof of the economy which can be effected by dealing by post is needed than the advertisement pages of this issue. Few stores can offer as good value as certain of the examples given below.

The clock offered by Phillips, Henry & Co. for £1 is a really handsome article. It is 14 inches wide and 9½ inches high, and is made of art metal in perfect reproduction of inlaid mahogany, figured satinwood, oak or black marble. We understand that the wholesale price of these is considerably higher than they are now being offered to our readers.

Selfsole is an invention which will be handy in any home. It is equally useful for repairing boots, mending holes in pots or filling cuts in motor tyres.

Amongst the letters received from our readers confirming the remarks we have made about the excellent value offered by S. A. Barry & Co., is one which strikes a new note, and which reads:—"During the recent foggy weather it was a pleasant relief to step from the dreary street into the bright spick and span premises of Messrs. Barry. There was not a gloomy corner in the whole building." Quite so; bright people will only work in bright premises. This establishment is worth a visit if only to demonstrate how much up-to-date methods and business democracy can accomplish.

The 20s. bracelet watches and "hunters" offered by Watts, Son & Co. are excellent value and would make splendid Christmas gifts.

The overcoats offered by Curzon Bros. (see back cover) strike a new idea. They are lined with a cloth which looks and feels like fur, and are warm without the weight of the real skin. These are quite novel and look very smart.

There is a great deal of common sense in the advertisement headed "Warm hearts and cold backs," of Stewarts, the well-known tailors.

The offer made by Messrs. Benson will appeal to those who desire clothing on easy terms. They supply ladies' coats and costumes on the same terms as their men's suits.

G. Street & Son, of Liverpool, sell a useful folding seat, 6 ft. long, 11 inches wide and 20 inches high, for 12s. 6d. These are very strongly built from Government surplus material.

The excellent accordion offered by the Solus Sales Company should certainly increase the revelry in the house this Christmas.

There are many interesting items contained in our "Small Ads. worth watching." The trade offers therein and all advertisements offering goods are covered by our advertisement guarantee.

Turkey problems are not always solved without the big guns speaking, but your Christmas turkey problem can be settled by a winning *Bullet* in our current Competition. This is the last week of turkey prizes, and the number of specially selected birds has been increased to 200.

What to give for Christmas will soon be exercising our minds, so we are putting you on to a really good tip. We suggest that you gaze long and earnestly at page 2, on which is displayed a Christmas gift that will not only be a source of continual delight to any one of your friends, but will also put you in the way of pocketing a first prize of £3,000 in a fascinating competition. Turn up the page now.

HOW TO WIN

by A First Prize-Winner

THERE has recently appeared in these columns a series of articles on the "Bullets" Competition, warning entrants against duplication and other pitfalls which the competitor should avoid. At the same time, I think that a little positive advice to the new competitor may prove of service.

Any reader of JOHN BULL with half an hour to spare each week may devote it to "Bullets" with highly profitable results. The expense of entry is trifling. In my own case, for instance, a very small weekly outlay on "Bullets" has sufficed to secure a series of cash prizes running into several hundreds of pounds. There is no reason why others should not do equally well, if they go about it in the right way.

Before actually setting to work on your "Bullets," read through slowly and carefully some of the lines to which big prizes are being awarded from week to week in JOHN BULL. The mere reading of these will set you thinking in the terse, straightforward style in which your "Bullets" should be expressed. See that you realise the full meaning of each effort. Then—and not till then—turn to the list of examples in the current contest. If you are a beginner I would advise you to choose such examples as "Sticking To It," "A Bit Off," or "True to Life." They cover a wide field and do not confine your thoughts to one particular subject as in the case of examples like "Bonar Law," "The British Navy," or "London Policeman." The novice may construct original efforts on such definite subjects, but when I first started competing, I found more practical results from working on the general examples and tackling the others later. There are three maxims to remember:—

Be simple. Although a good double meaning effort will usually score, one line with a strong, clear meaning is better than twenty with double but indefinite senses.

Be snappy. A good "Bullet" flies straight to the mark, delivering its message forcibly and with telling effect.

Be persevering. At first, perhaps, you may secure only occasional small prizes. These should encourage you to persevere. Next week your line may be at the top.

Let me conclude with what I believe to be the Golden Rule for the Bulleteer. *Think for yourself!* It is when you are thinking for yourself that you are going to hit on the winning line.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENT'S PRIZES:—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" prizes in Competition No. 467 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prizewinner in "Bullets" Competition No. 464 can now be seen in the window of Mr. William Marshall's Newsagent, 282, Hawthorn Road, Hartlepool.

200 TURKEYS THIS WEEK!!

YOUR LAST CHANCE TO WIN A CHRISTMAS DINNER

£250 'BULLETS' 1ST PRIZE

This is your last chance to win a Turkey. The number of specially selected birds has been increased to 200 this week. They will be despatched to reach their respective prize-winners in ample time for the Christmas dinner.

2ND PRIZE	3RD PRIZE
£20	£10

10 PRIZES OF £5
10 PRIZES OF £2 10
100 PRIZES OF 5/-

500 Prizes of 26 2000 Target Prizes 2000 Popular Novels

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 467.

BONAR LAW'S TASK
THE MAJORITY
SWEETS OF OFFICE
LAST CHANCE
A NEW HOUSE
PARTY WARFARE
PAST A JOKE
WHAT NEXT
IN THE WITNESS-BOX
ALL AGREE
WORTH HIS SALT
MODEST
BEGINNING TO END
A MUG
LIFTING THE LOAD
LIKES AND DISLIKES
BIG BLUFF
PLEASES THE CROWD
PROUD FATHER
THE VERY THING
SPEAKS VOLUMES
NOTICE TO QUIT
ALL WORK
CORDIAL INVITATION
FAST
AFTER ALL
MY LOVE
LITTLE FLUTTER
UNPOPULAR
FAITHFUL HEART
UNADORNED
MIGHT AND MAIN

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ——— and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☞ **Result of Competition No. 465** ("Bullets" £1,000 offer) **will be published in next week's issue.**

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Thirty-two examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can **EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet.** This example will guide you: Example:—OUR BUSINESS. Bullet:—WANTS "GINGERING," THEN "PRESERVING." The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

☞ **ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO** "Bullets" No. 467, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

No. ____ Closing Date, Thursday, November 30.
Example ____
Bullet
Example ____
Bullet
(467) P.O. No. ____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed ____
Address ____

☞ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

No. ____ Closing Date, Thursday, November 30.
Example ____
Bullet
Example ____
Bullet
(467) P.O. No. ____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed ____
Address ____

No. ____ Closing Date, Thursday, November 30.
Example ____
Bullet
Example ____
Bullet
(467) P.O. No. ____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed ____
Address ____

No. ____ Closing Date, Thursday, November 30.
Example ____
Bullet
Example ____
Bullet
(467) P.O. No. ____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed ____
Address ____

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 466.

AT CHRISTMAS—BETWEEN TWO FIRES—HIDDEN TREASURE—A LONG STOCKING—SOFT ANSWERS—WORTH A TRIAL—GOLDEN DAWN—TWINS—OUR SALVATION—NOT BORN YET—STUFFING—TO BE CONTINUED—IF—RAISING THE STANDARD—PARTY GAMES—WHAT FATHER SAYS—AUNT SALLY—BED OF ROSES—LOVELY LIAR—A NEW TOY.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, December 14th.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **466** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. **466**, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for Competition No. **467.**

Next Week! "BULLETS" £1,500 XMAS BOX

A Real Fur-Lined Overcoat costs £12 12s. or more——

A CURZON high-grade made-to-measure Overcoat lined with rich, warm, "Synthetic" Fur costs from 47/- to 89/-

A FUR LINING is the great secret of "warmth and dignity" in an Overcoat, and here is your opportunity to obtain at a moderate price a really high-grade lined Overcoat —one that is exceedingly *smart in appearance*, and that will at the same time afford you complete *protection against the severest cold.*

These Overcoats are cut from Curzon's famous cloths—Cheviots, Naps, Meltons, Fleeces, etc., and tailored the famous "Curzon Way" —your satisfaction as to material, style, and fit being absolutely guaranteed.

The lining is of special material that **both in appearance and wear is indistinguishable from real fur.** Made in Beaver, Tiger, and Mole, it gives a richness and smartness to the Overcoat that will commend it to any man who desires to be well-dressed, while its warmth and the comfort it gives are a revelation.

Order one of Curzon's made-to-measure syn-fur-lined Overcoats THIS Winter, and however severe the weather you will be smartly clad and well protected. Call at any Curzon Shop and **examine the cloths and the new syn-fur-lining.** Or if you cannot call, use Coupon below, and we will send you, **free of cost and obligation,** patterns of our wide Range of Overcoatings and of the various types of synthetic Fur Linings.

SUITS TO MEASURE

CURZONS made-to-measure Suits are famous the whole world over for Material, Style, Fit and Finish. Our new Season's Autumn and Winter Cloths comprise a splendid assortment of attractive designs.

Prices range from **2 to 5 Gns.**

Patterns gladly sent on request.

With our Self-Measurement Form a perfect fit is assured. **We Guarantee complete satisfaction or Return Your Money in Full.**

Fill in and post this Coupon NOW or send us a postcard or letter mentioning *John Bull.*

Address all Post Orders and Enquiries to :—

CURZON BROS. LTD.

The World's Measure Tailors,

(Dept. J.B.),
70 & 72, City Rd.,
LONDON, E.C. 1

To CURZON BROS., LTD.,
70-72, City Road, London, E.C.1.

Please send me Free Patterns of your OVERCOATINGS and "Synthetic" FUR LININGS.
*Please send me Patterns of AUTUMN AND WINTER SUITINGS.
*Strike out if not required.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Stomach and Nerve Trouble

Mrs. Norris, Seaxay, near Thirsk, Yorks, says :—"I'm sure Dr. Cassell's Tablets saved my child's life. There was no power in her, she couldn't move hand or foot, but just lay like a little doll wherever she was placed. She was so painfully thin that I had always to lift her on a pillow. She was said to be suffering from nerve paralysis and bowel consumption, and there was no hope. But when I gave her Dr. Cassell's Tablets the change was wonderful. She began to move, grew plump and strong, and soon was walking. Now she is a little picture of health."

"I am sure my Child's Life was Saved by Dr. Cassell's Tablets."

READ this story which a mother has to tell of an ailing child. Mrs. Norris's daughter was the victim of terrible illness; she was paralysed and exhibited other symptoms which seemed to exclude all hope of recovery. But Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured the little victim.

And they will make **you** well again if you are suffering from any form of nervous trouble, indigestion, or kidney weakness. If you need building up commence a course at once. Use them for

Nervous Breakdown	Headache
Neuritis	Anæmia
Indigestion	Palpitation
Sleeplessness	Kidney Weakness
Neurasthenia	Children's Weakness
Nerve Pains	Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

HOME PRICES, 1/3 and 3/-
Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

THE

CITY LIFE Assurance Co., Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE:
CITY LIFE HOUSE,
Old Jewry, London, E.C.2
Telephone: CITY 9543.

Assets Exceed - £1,000,000
Premium Income Exceeds £450,000
Claims Paid Exceed - £1,600,000
Advances Made Exceed £2,250,000

Managing Director.
LEONARD ALDRIDGE.

Printed and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Long Acre, London, W.C.2, England. Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper. Post Free all over the world. 11s. per annum. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for the Colonies: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., Australia and New Zealand. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. For Canada: American News Co., Ltd.; Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For America: International News Co., Ltd., and American News Co., Ltd. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son's Bookshops, at 78, Marche-aux-Herbes, Brussels, and 44, Rue Joseph II., Ostende; and 248, Rue de Rivoli